



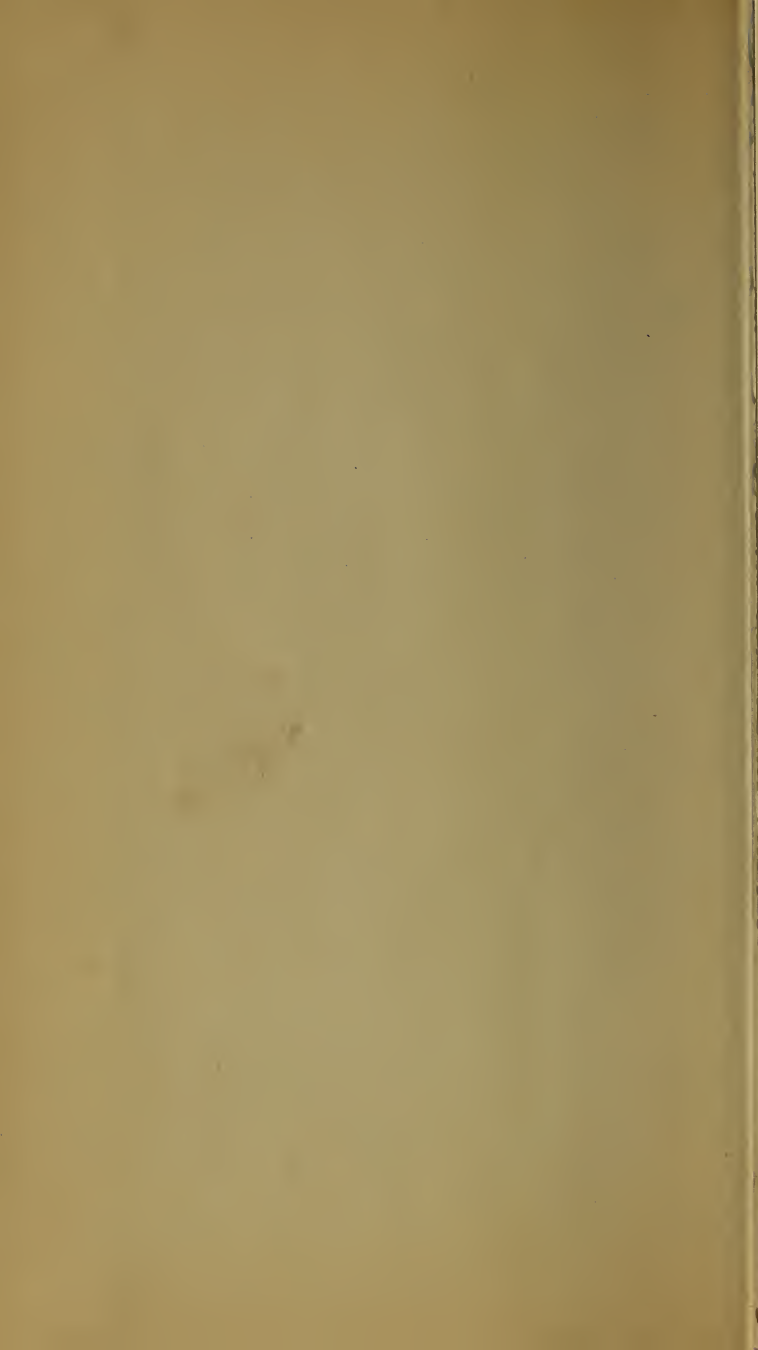


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# The Lake English Classics

EDITED BY

LINDSAY TODD DAMON, A.B.

*Associate Professor of English in Brown University*

*Wm. Shakespeare*

# The Lake English Classics

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SHAKSPERE'S

## TWELFTH NIGHT

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

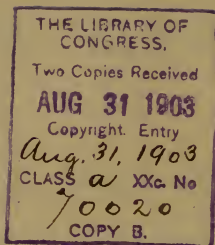
**WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, M.A., Ph.D.**  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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## PREFACE.

The aim in the volumes of this series is to present a satisfactory text of each play, modernized in spelling and punctuation, with as full an equipment of explanation and comment as is necessary for thorough intelligibility. The first section of the introduction is intended to give the student an idea of the place of the play in the history of the English drama in general, and of Shakspeare's development in particular. The evidence for the date of the play has been given in some detail, as the mere statement of the facts helps to bring home the uncertainty which must be felt as to the authorship of many of the songs scattered through Shakspeare's plays.

In dealing with the source of the plot, I have given what, after a somewhat elaborate investigation, I regard with some assurance as the truth. But it ought to be said that the view here stated, though accepted by many scholars, differs from that preferred by Dr. Furness in his recent *Variorum* edition of the play. For the reasons which lead me to differ from a scholar whom every student of Shakspeare must regard with gratitude and honor, reference may be made to an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1902.

The extent to which Shakspeare deviates from his source varies in every play, but the deviations themselves are always significant and worthy of the closest study. So far as space permitted, an attempt has been made to indicate the main points of difference between the versions of Riche and Shakspeare, and the teacher will find it extremely profitable to make a more elaborate comparison the basis of his aesthetic interpretation. Such a method is comparatively easy to use, and at the same time affords scope for the most penetrating analysis and the most delicate appreciation that the classroom permits.

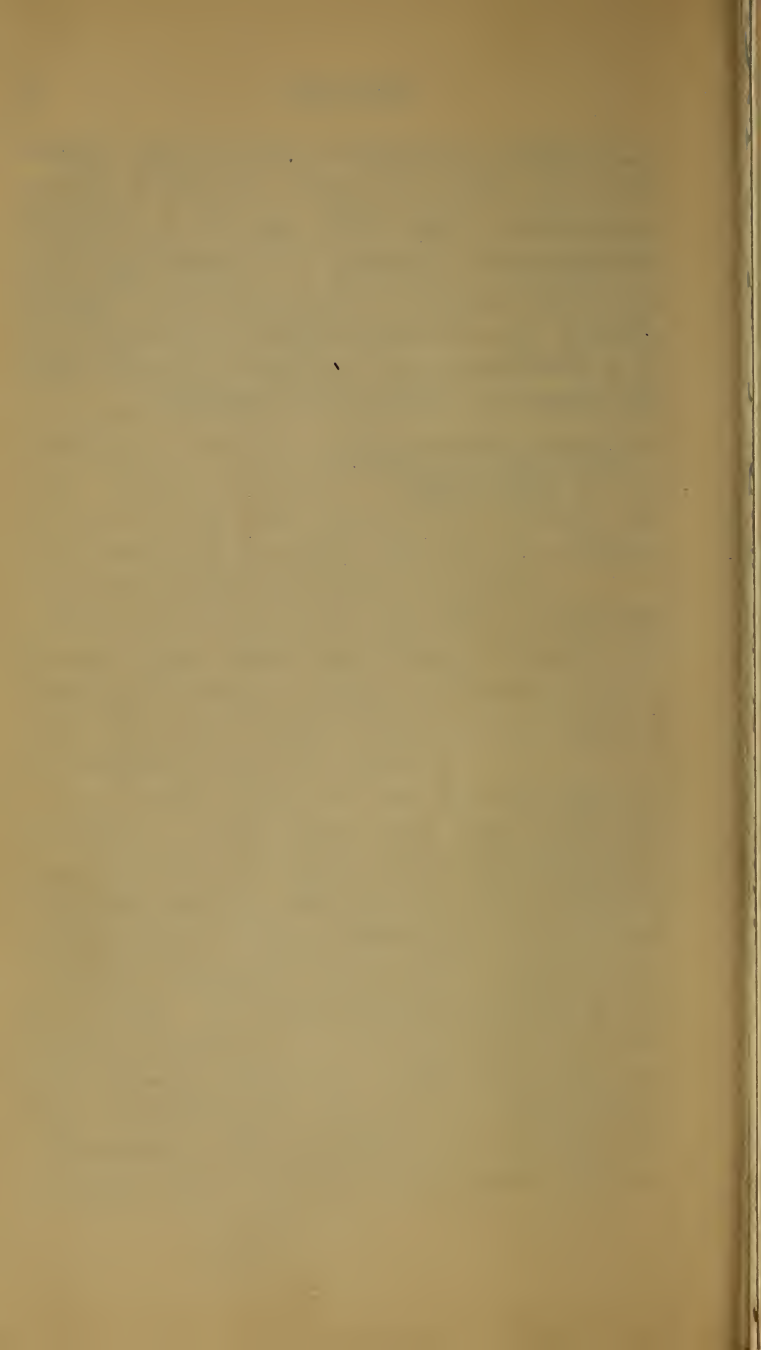
The text of *Apolonius and Silla* is accessible in the reprint edited by J. Payne Collier for the Shakspeare Society in 1846, in Furness's *Variorum* edition of *Twelfth Night*, and in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, volume I.

For further details on the life and works of Shakspeare, the following books may be referred to: Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer* and *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*; Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare*; *William Shakespeare*, by Barrett Wendell; *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*, by F. S. Boas. The most exhaustive account of the English Drama is A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature*. Both this work and that of Sidney Lee are rich in bibliographical information. For questions of language and grammar see A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*;



J. Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare*; Little-dale's new edition of Dyce's *Glossary to Shakespeare* (New York, 1902), and E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*. For general questions of dramatic construction see Gustav Freytag's *Technik des Dramas*, translated into English by E. J. MacEwan; and Dr. Elisabeth Woodbridge's *The Drama, its Laws and its Technique*.

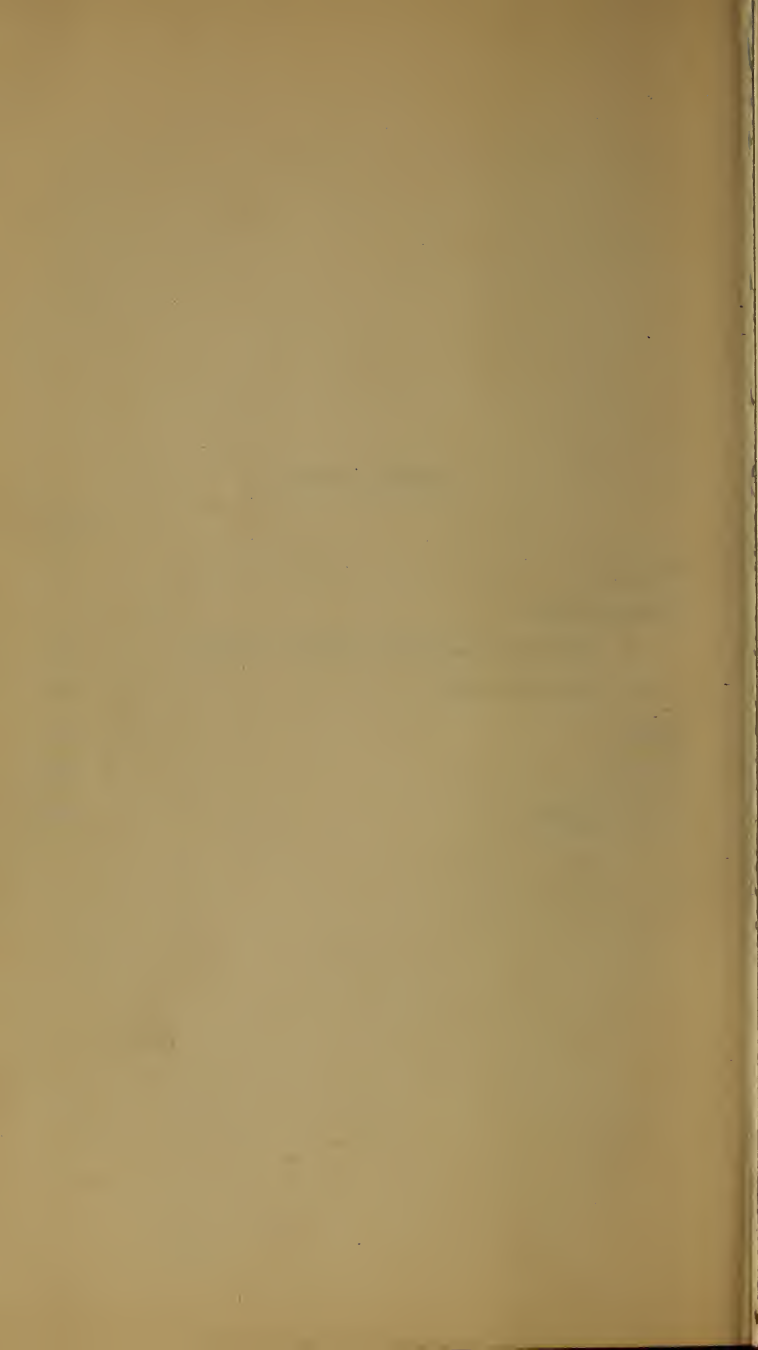
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## INTRODUCTION.

### I. SHAKSPERE AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

The wonderful rapidity of the development of the English drama in the last quarter of the sixteenth century stands in striking contrast to the slowness of its growth before that period. The religious drama, out of which the modern dramatic forms were to spring, had dragged through centuries with comparatively little change, and was still alive when, in 1576, the first theatre was built in London. By 1600 Shakspeare had written more than half his plays and stood completely master of the art which he brought to a pitch unsurpassed in any age. Much of this extraordinary later progress was due to contemporary causes; but there entered into it also certain other elements which can be understood only in the light of the attempts that had been made in the three or four preceding centuries.

In England, as in Greece, the drama sprang from religious ceremonial. The Mass, the centre of the public worship of the Roman church, contained dramatic material in the gestures of the officiating priests, in the narratives contained in the Lessons, and in the responsive singing and chant-

**The Drama  
before  
Shakspeare.**

ing. Latin, the language in which the services were conducted, was unintelligible to the mass of the people, and as early as the fifth century the clergy had begun to use such devices as *tableaux vivants* of scenes like the marriage in Cana and the Adoration of the Magi to make comprehensible important events in Bible history. Later, the Easter services were illuminated by representations of the scene at the sepulchre on the morning of the Resurrection, in which a wooden, and afterwards a stone, structure was used for the tomb itself, and the dialogue was chanted by different speakers representing respectively the angel, the disciples, and the women. From such beginnings as this there gradually evolved the earliest forms of the MIRACLE PLAY.

As the presentations became more elaborate, the place of performance was moved first to the churchyard, then to the fields, and finally to the streets and open spaces of the towns. With this change of locality went a change in the language and in the actors, and an extension of the field from which the subjects were chosen. Latin gave way to the vernacular, and the priests to laymen; and miracle plays representing the lives of patron saints were given by schools, trade guilds, and other lay institutions. A further development appeared when, instead of single plays, whole series such as the extant York, Chester, and Coventry cycles were given, dealing in chrono-

logical order with the most important events in Bible history from the Creation to the Day of Judgment.

The stage used for the miracle play as thus developed was a platform mounted on wheels, which was moved from space to space through the streets. Each trade undertook one or more plays, and, when possible, these were allotted with reference to the nature of the particular trade. Thus the play representing the visit of the Magi bearing gifts to the infant Christ was given to the goldsmiths, and the Building of the Ark to the carpenters. The costumes were conventional and frequently grotesque. Judas always wore red hair and a red beard; Herod appeared as a fierce Saracen; the devil had a terrifying mask and a tail; and divine personages wore gilt hair.

Meanwhile the attitude of the church towards these performances had changed. Priests were forbidden to take part in them, and as early as the fourteenth century we find sermons directed against them. The secular management had a more important result in the introduction of comic elements. Figures such as Noah's wife and Herod became frankly farcical, and whole episodes drawn from contemporary life and full of local color were invented, in which the original aim of edification was displaced by an explicit attempt at pure entertainment. Most of these features were characteristic of the religious drama in gen-

eral throughout Western Europe. But the local and contemporary elements naturally tended to become national; and in England we find in these humorous episodes the beginnings of native comedy.

Long before the miracle plays had reached their height, the next stage in the development of the drama had begun. Even in very early performances there had appeared, among the *dramatis personae* drawn from the Scriptures, personifications of abstract qualities such as Righteousness, Peace, Mercy, and Truth. In the fifteenth century this allegorical tendency, which was prevalent also in the non-dramatic literature of the age, resulted in the rise of another kind of play, the MORALITY, in which all the characters were personifications, and in which the aim, at first the teaching of moral lessons, later became frequently satirical. Thus the most powerful of all the Moralities, Sir David Lindesay's *Satire of the Three Estates*, is a direct attack upon the corruption in the church just before the Reformation.

The advance implied in the Morality consisted not so much in any increase in the vitality of the characters or in the interest of the plot (in both of which, indeed, there was usually a falling off), as in the fact that in it the drama had freed itself from the bondage of having to choose its subject matter from one set of sources—the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Lives of the Saints.



This freedom was shared by the INTERLUDE, a form not always to be distinguished from the Morality, but one in which the tendency was to substitute for personified abstractions actual social types such as the Priest, the Pardoner, or the Palmer. A feature of both forms was the Vice, a humorous character who appeared under the various disguises of Hypocrisy, Fraud, and the like, and whose function it was to make fun, chiefly at the expense of the Devil. The Vice is historically important as having bequeathed some of his characteristics to the Fool of the later drama.

John Heywood, the most important writer of Interludes, lived well into the reign of Elizabeth, and even the miracle play persisted into the reign of her successor in the seventeenth century. But long before it finally disappeared it had become a mere medieval survival. A new England had meantime come into being and new forces were at work, manifesting themselves in a dramatic literature infinitely beyond anything even suggested by the crude forms which have been described.

The great European intellectual movement known as the Renaissance had at last reached England, and it brought with it materials for an unparalleled advance in all the living forms of literature. Italy and the classics, especially, supplied literary models and material. Not only

were translations from these sources abundant, but Italian players visited England, and performed before Queen Elizabeth. France and Spain, as well as Italy, flooded the literary market with collections of tales, from which, both in the original languages and in such translations as are found in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (published 1566-67), the dramatists drew materials for their plots.

These literary conditions, however, did not do much beyond offering a means of expression. For a movement so magnificent in scale as that which produced the Elizabethan Drama, something is needed besides models and material. In the present instance this something is to be found in the state of exaltation which characterized the spirit of the English people in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Politically, the nation was at last one after the protracted divisions of the Reformation, and its pride was stimulated by its success in the fight with Spain. Intellectually, it was sharing with the rest of Europe the exhilaration of the Renaissance. New lines of action in all parts of the world, new lines of thought in all departments of scholarship and speculation, were opening up; and the whole land was throbbing with life.

In its very beginnings the new movement in England showed signs of that combination of native tradition and foreign influence which was to char-



acterize it throughout. The first regular English comedy, Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* was an adaptation of the plot of the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus to contemporary English life. After a short period of experiment by amateurs working chiefly under the influence of Seneca, we come on a band of professional playwrights who not only prepared the way for Shakspeare, but in some instances produced works of great intrinsic worth. The mythological dramas of Lyly with the bright repartee of their prose dialogue and the music of their occasional lyrics, the interesting experiments of Greene and Peele, and the horrors of the tragedy of Kyd, are all full of suggestions of what was to come. But by far the greatest of Shakspeare's forerunners was Christopher Marlowe, who not only has the credit of fixing blank verse as the future poetic medium for English tragedy, but who in his plays from *Tamburlaine* to *Edward II.* contributed to the list of the great permanent masterpieces of the English drama.

It was in the professional society of these men that Shakspeare found himself when he came to

**Shakspeare's  
Early Life.**

London. Born in the provincial town of Stratford-on-Avon in the heart of England, he was baptized on April 26, 1564 (May 6th, according to our reckoning). The exact day of his birth is unknown. His father was John Shakspeare, a fairly prosperous tradesman, who may be supposed

to have followed the custom of his class in educating his son. If this were so, William would be sent to the Grammar School, already able to read, when he was seven, and there he would be set to work on Latin Grammar, followed by reading, up to the fourth year, in Cato's *Maxims*, Aesop's *Fables*, and parts of Ovid, Cicero, and the medieval poet Mantuanus. If he continued through the fifth and sixth years, he would read parts of Vergil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, and the Satirists. Greek was not usually taught in the Grammar Schools. Whether he went through this course or not we have no means of knowing, except the evidence afforded by the use of the classics in his works, and the famous dictum of his friend, Ben Jonson, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." What we are sure of is that he was a boy with remarkable acuteness of observation, who used his chances for picking up facts of all kinds; for only thus could he have accumulated the fund of information which he put to such a variety of uses in his writings.

Throughout the poet's boyhood the fortunes of John Shakspeare kept improving until he reached the position of High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford. When William was about thirteen, however, his father began to meet with reverses, and these are conjectured to have led to the boy's being taken from school early and set to work. What business he was taught we do not know, and indeed we

have little more information about him till the date of his marriage in November, 1582, to Anne Hathaway, a woman from a neighboring village, who was seven years his senior. Concerning his occupations in the years immediately preceding and succeeding his marriage several traditions have come down,—of his having been apprenticed as a butcher, of his having taken part in poaching expeditions, and the like—but none of these is based upon sufficient evidence. About 1585 he left Stratford, and probably by the next year he had found his way to London.

How soon and in what capacity he first became attached to the theatres we are again unable to say, but by 1592 he had certainly been engaged in theatrical affairs long enough to give some occasion for the jealous outburst of a rival playwright, Robert Greene, who, in a pamphlet posthumously published in that year, accused him of plagiarism. Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's pamphlet, shortly after apologized for his connection with the charge, and bore witness to Shakspeare's honorable reputation as a man and to his skill both as an actor and a dramatist.

Robert Greene, who thus supplies us with the earliest extant indications of his rival's presence in London, was in many ways a typical figure among the playwrights with whom Shakspeare worked during this early period. A member of both universities, Greene came to the metropolis while

yet a young man, and there led a life of the most diversified literary activity, varied with bouts of the wildest debauchery. He was a writer of satirical and controversial pamphlets, of romantic tales, of elegiac, pastoral, and lyric poetry, a translator, a dramatist,—in fact, a literary jack-of-all-trades. The society in which he lived consisted in part of “University Wits” like himself, in part of the low men and women who haunted the vile taverns of the slums to prey upon such as he. “A world of blackguardism dashed with genius,” it has been called, and the phrase is fit enough. Among such surroundings Greene lived, and among them he died, bankrupt in body and estate, the victim of his own ill-governed passions.

In conjunction with such men as this Shakspeare began his life-work. His first dramatic efforts were made in revising the plays of his predecessors with a view to their revival on the stage; and in *Titus Andronicus* and the first part of *Henry VI.* we have examples of this kind of work. The next step was probably the production of plays in collaboration with other writers, and to this practice, which he almost abandoned in the middle of his career, he seems to have returned in his later years in such plays as *Pericles*, *Henry VIII.*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. How far Shakspeare was of this dissolute set to which his fellow-workers belonged it is impossible to tell; but we know that by and by, as he gained mastery



over his art and became more and more independent in work and in fortune, he left this sordid life behind him, and aimed at the establishment of a family. In half a dozen years from the time of Greene's attack, he had reached the top of his profession, was a sharer in the profits of his theatre, and had invested his savings in land and houses in his native town. The youth who ten years before had left Stratford poor and burdened with a wife and three children, had now become "William Shakspeare, Gentleman."

During these years Shakspeare's literary work was not confined to the drama, which, indeed, was then hardly regarded as a form of literature. In 1593 he published *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, *Lucrece*, two poems belonging to a class of highly wrought versions of classical legends which was then fashionable, and of which Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* is the other most famous example. For several years, too, in the last decade of the sixteenth century and the first few years of the seventeenth, he was composing a series of sonnets on love and friendship, in this, too, following a literary fashion of the time. Yet these give us more in the way of self-revelation than anything else he has left. From them we seem to be able to catch glimpses of his attitude towards his profession, and one of them makes us realize so vividly his perception of the tragic risks of his surroundings that it is set down here:

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me then and wish I were renewed;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

It does not seem possible to avoid the inferences lying on the surface in this poem; but whatever confessions it may imply, it serves, too, to give us the assurance that Shakspeare did not easily and blindly yield to the temptations that surrounded the life of the theatre of his time.

For the theatre of Shakspeare's day was no very reputable affair. Externally it appears to us now  
 a very meagre apparatus—almost  
 absurdly so, when we reflect on the  
 grandeur of the compositions for  
 which it gave occasion. A roughly circular  
 wooden building, with a roof over the stage  
 and over the galleries, but with the pit often  
 open to the wind and weather, having very  
 little scenery and practically no attempt at the  
 achievement of stage-illusion,—such was the  
 scene of the production of some of the greatest

**The Eliza-  
 bethan  
 Theatre.**

imaginative works the world has seen. Nor was the audience very choice. The more respectable citizens of Puritan tendencies frowned on the theatre to such an extent that it was found advisable to place the buildings outside the city limits, and beyond the jurisdiction of the city fathers. The pit was thronged with a motley crowd of petty tradesfolk and the dregs of the town; the gallants of the time sat on stools on the stage, "drinking" tobacco and chaffing the actors, their efforts divided between displaying their wit and their clothes. The actors were all male, the women's parts being taken by boys whose voices were not yet broken. The costumes, frequently the cast-off clothing of the gallants, were often gorgeous, but seldom appropriate. Thus the success of the performance had to depend upon the excellence of the piece, the merit of the acting, and the readiness of appreciation of the audience.

This last point, however, was more to be relied upon than a modern student might imagine. Despite their dubious respectability, the Elizabethan play-goers must have been of wonderfully keen intellectual susceptibilities. For clever feats in the manipulation of language, for puns, happy alliterations, delicate melody such as we find in the lyrics of the times, for the thunder of the pentameter as it rolls through the tragedies of Marlowe, they had a practiced taste. Qualities which we now expect to appeal chiefly to the

closet student were keenly relished by men who could neither read nor write, and who at the same time enjoyed jokes which would be too broad, and stage massacres which would be too bloody, for a modern audience of sensibilities much less acute in these other directions. In it all we see how far-reaching was the wonderful vitality of the time.

This audience Shakspeare knew thoroughly, and in his writing he showed himself always, with whatever growth in permanent artistic qualities, the clever man of business with his eye on the market. Thus we can trace throughout the course of his production two main lines: one indicative of the changes of theatrical fashions; one, more subtle and more liable to misinterpretation, showing the progress of his own spiritual growth.

The chronology of Shakspeare's plays will probably never be made out with complete assurance, but already much has been ascertained (1) from external evidence such as dates of acting or publication, and allusions in other works, and (2) from internal evidence such as references to books or events of known date, and considerations of metre and language. The following arrangement represents what is probably an approximately correct view of the chronological sequence of his works, though scholars are far from being agreed upon many of the details.



COMEDIES.		HISTORIES.	TRAGEDIES.
1590-93...	{ Love's Labor's Lost .....	.....	..... [1596, 97)
	{ Two Gentlemen of Verona ..	.....	Romeo and Juliet (revised about
	{ Comedy of Errors .....	1. 2. 3. Henry VI.	Titus Andronicus
		Richard III.	.....
		Richard II.	.....
1594, 95...	{ Merchant of Venice .....	King John .....	.....
	{ Midsummer Night's Dream ..	.....	.....
	{ All's Well that Ends Well ..	.....	.....
1596-98...	{ Taming of the Shrew .....	1. 2. Henry IV.	.....
	{ Merry Wives of Windsor ..	Henry V. ....	.....
	{ Much Ado about Nothing ..	.....	.....
1599, 1600	{ As You Like It .....	.....	.....
	{ Twelfth Night .....	.....	.....
1601.....	.....	.....	Julius Caesar
1602.....	.....	.....	Hamlet
1603.....	Troilus and Cressida .....	.....	.....
1604.....	Measure for Measure .....	.....	Othello
1605, 6...	{ .....	.....	Macbeth
1607.....	{ Pericles .....	.....	King Lear
1608.....	.....	.....	Timon of Athens
1609.....	.....	.....	Antony and Cleopatra
		.....	Coriolanus
1610, 11..	{ Cymbeline .....	.....	.....
	{ Winter's Tale .....	.....	.....
	{ Tempest .....	.....	.....
1612, 13....	Two Noble Kinsmen .....	Henry VIII.....	.....

The first of these groups contains three comedies of a distinctly experimental character, and a number of chronicle-histories, some of which, like the three parts of *Henry VI.*, were almost certainly written in collaboration with other playwrights. The comedies are light, full of ingenious plays on words, and the verse is often rhymed. The first of them, at least, shows the influence of Lyly. The histories also betray a considerable delight in language for its own sake, and the Marlowesque blank verse, at its best eloquent and highly poetical, not infrequently becomes ranting, while the pause at the end of each line tends to become monotonous. No copy of *Romeo and Juliet* in its earliest form is known to be in existence, and the extent of Shakspeare's share in *Titus Andronicus* is still debated.

The second period contains a group of comedies marked by brilliance in the dialogue; wholesomeness, capacity, and high spirits in the main characters, and a pervading feeling of good-humor. The histories contain a larger comic element than in the first period, and are no longer suggestive of Marlowe. Rhymes have become less frequent, and the blank verse has freed itself from the bondage of the end-stopped line.

The plays of the third period are tragedies, or comedies with a prevailing tragic tone. Shakspeare here turned his attention to those elements in life which produce perplexity and disaster, and

in this series of masterpieces we have his most magnificent achievement. His power of perfect adaptation of language to thought and feeling had now reached its height, and his verse had become thoroughly flexible without having lost strength.

In the fourth period Shakspeare returned to comedy. These plays, written during his last years in London, are again romantic in subject and treatment, and technically seem to show the influence of the earlier successes of Beaumont and Fletcher. But in place of the high spirits which characterized the comedies of the earlier periods we have a placid optimism, and a recurrence of situations which are more ingenious than plausible, and which are marked externally by reunions and reconciliations and internally by repentance and forgiveness. The verse is singularly sweet and highly poetical; and the departure from the end-stopped line has now gone so far that we see clearly the beginnings of that tendency which went to such an extreme in some of Shakspeare's successors that it at times became hard to distinguish the metre at all.

In *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.*, Shakspeare again worked in partnership, the collaborator being, in all probability, John Fletcher.

Nothing that we know of Shakspeare's life from external sources justifies us in saying, as has frequently been said, that the changes of mood in

his work from period to period corresponded to changes in the man Shakspeare. As an artist he certainly seems to have viewed life now in this light, now in that; but it is worth noting that the period of his gloomiest plays coincides with the period of his greatest worldly prosperity. It has already been hinted, too, that much of his change of manner and subject was dictated by the variations of theatrical fashion and the example of successful contemporaries.

Throughout nearly the whole of these marvelously fertile years Shakspeare seems to have stayed in London; but from 1610 to 1612 he was making Stratford more and more his place of abode, and at the same time he was beginning to write less. After 1611 he wrote only in collaboration; and having spent about five years in peaceful retirement in the town from which he had set out a penniless youth, and to which he returned a man of reputation and fortune, he died on April 23, 1616. His only son, Hamnet, having died in boyhood, of his immediate family there survived him his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both of whom were well married. He lies buried in the parish church of Stratford.

**Shakspeare's  
Last Years.**

## II. TWELFTH NIGHT.

*Twelfth Night* was probably written in the latter part of 1601. The most direct evidence

so far discovered bearing upon  
Date.

the date of the play is in the diary of John Manningham, a law student in the Middle Temple, in which the following passage occurs under the date of February 2, 1602:

At our feast wee had a play called "Twelve Night, or What You Will," much like the Commedy of *Errores*, or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and neare to that in Italian called *Inganni*.<sup>1</sup> A good practise in it to make the Steward beleieve his Lady Widowe in love with him, by counterfeyting a letter as from his Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaille, &c., and then when he came to practise making him beleieve they tooke him to be mad.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Two sixteenth century Italian plays called *Gl' Inganni* are extant, but neither contains the essential point of the plot of *Twelfth Night*, viz., the situation created by Orsino's sending Viola to woo Olivia. The facts that in all three there is a confusion of identity between a brother and a sister, and that one woman falls in love with another who is disguised as a man, are enough to account for Manningham's remark. On the other hand, *Gl' Inganni* may be a mere misspelling of *Gl' Ingannati*, for which see p. 32.

<sup>2</sup> *The Diary of John Manningham*, ed. by John Bruce for the Camden Society, Westminster, 1868, p. 18.



This fixes the later limit. If, as is supposed, the title of the play is derived from the date of its first performance, this limit must be moved back to January 6, 1602.

The earlier limit is less definitely determined. In 1598 Francis Meres mentioned in his *Palladis Tamia or Wit's Commonwealth*, twelve of Shakspeare's plays, including all those which are generally believed to have been written before that date. As *Twelfth Night* is not found in this list, it is argued that it was unknown to Meres, and so presumably had not yet been produced. Again, a speech of Maria's affords a clue: "He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies" (III. ii. 86-88). This map has been identified with one published in 1599 to go with Hakluyt's *Voyages*. Finally, the play contains parts of two songs which are found elsewhere. The Clown's song, "O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?" (II. iii. 43 ff), has been found by Chappell in Morley's *Consort Lessons*, published in 1599, so that we must conclude either that *Twelfth Night* was written by that date, or that, as often was the case, an already existing song was introduced into the play. The song beginning "Farewell, dear heart" (II. iii. 116 ff), fragments of which are sung by Sir Toby and the Clown, appears in Robert Jones's *Booke of Ayres*, published in 1601. The authorship of this song also is unknown; but

on account of the manner of its introduction into *Twelfth Night*, and its slight poetical value, it is not usually claimed for Shakspeare. Jones's collection is supposed to have consisted of new songs, so that if Shakspeare drew it from this source, directly or indirectly, he must have composed this part of his play not earlier than 1601.

Thus the comedy was certainly finished before January, 1602, was certainly not written before 1599, and, as stated above, was probably written in the latter part of 1601. So dated it follows *Much Ado about Nothing* and *As You Like It*, and closes the trio of brilliant and high-spirited plays in which Shakspeare's comic genius reached its finest expression.

This play, like many others of Shakspeare's, seems to have remained unpublished during his lifetime, and to have appeared in print first in the earliest collected edition of his works, issued in 1623 by the two actors, Heminge and Condell. This volume is usually known as the "First Folio," and from it the present text is taken, with a few alterations drawn from the later Folios and from the suggestions of modern editors.

The story which forms the main plot of *Twelfth Night* appeared in a number of forms and languages in the sixteenth century, and belongs to a type the variants of which are spread widely through the literature of that period. This par-

Source of the  
Text.

particular form of the tale, however, is found first in an Italian comedy called *Gl' Ingannati*, produced by a literary society in Sienna in 1531. On this play the Italian novelist Bandello based a prose tale, which was translated into French by Belleforest, and into English (probably through the French) by Barnabe Riche in his collection of short novels called *Farewell to Militarie Profession*, 1581. It is from the version of the story contained in this volume, and there called *Apolonius and Silla*, that Shakspeare seems to have drawn the plot of *Twelfth Night*.

In transforming the novel into a play, Shakspeare has handled the story with great freedom. In the beginning of Riche's version Silla (= Viola) falls in love with Apolonius (= Orsino) while he is visiting her father, but her love is not returned or even observed, owing to the young Duke's absorption in war and business. After he has left, Silla, accompanied only by a servant, sets out to seek him, has unpleasant adventures on shipboard, is wrecked, travels to Constantinople, and, in the disguise of a man, takes service with the Duke. All this introductory matter Shakspeare omitted, with the effect of making the action more compact both in place and in time. The relations of Olivia and Sebastian are much more delicately treated in the play than in the novel, and the action is again condensed in the



last scene. In Riche the brother leaves the city after having been entertained by Julina (= Olivia); gossip about Silla and Julina reaches the Duke's ears and leads to Silla's being thrown into a dungeon; Julina goes to the Duke to plead for Silla; Silla is sent for, denies having made any love-compact with Julina, and under threat of death reveals her identity. Julina retires in sad perplexity, and the Duke marries Silla. The rumor of the marriage brings the brother back to the city, where he confesses his former visit and marries Julina. A comparison of this summary of events scattered over a considerable space of time with the arrangement by which all the threads are drawn together by Shakspeare in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*, shows something of his method and skill.

In characterization even more is due to the dramatist than in construction. The figures in Riche's novel are in the play entirely re-created, and the sentimentalism of the Duke, as well as the appealing union of pathos and arch humor which makes the charm of Viola, is altogether the conception of Shakspeare.

Of the underplot there is no trace in *Apolonius and Silla*; and the characters of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, Maria and Malvolio, Fabian and Feste, are all of Shakspeare's invention. In another story of Riche's, however, in the same volume as *Apolonius and Silla*, there occurs an incident

which I believe to have suggested the charge of madness in Malvolio and the scene in the dark house, and which is so illuminating as to the way in which Shakspeare gathered and adapted his material that it is worth while to give the passage. In the story *Of Two Brethren and Their Wives*, the younger brother married a rich woman who turned out an inveterate scold. After enduring much he adopted heroic measures. With the assistance of a neighbor he dressed her in rags, tied her in a dark house, with a great chain about her leg, and then

callyng his neibours about her, he would seeme with greate sorrowe to lament his wives distresse, telling them that she was sodainly become lunatique; whereas, by his geasture, he tooke so greate greefe, as though he would likewise have runne madde for companie. But his wife (as he had attired her) seemed in deede not to be well in her wittes; but, seeyng her housebandes maners, shewed her self in her conditions to bee a right Bedlem: she used no other wourdes but cursynges and banninges, cryng for the plague and the pestilence, and that the devill would teare her housbande in peeces. The companie that were about her, thei would exhorte her, Good neighbour, forget these idle speeches, which doeth so much distemper you, and call upon God, and he will surely helpe you.— Call upon God for help? (quoth the other) wherein should he helpe me, unlesse he would consume this wretche with fire and brimstone? other help I have no need of. Her housebande, he desired his neighbours, for God's love, that thei would helpe him to praie for her; and thus, altogether kneeling doune in her presence, he beganne to

saie, Miserere, whiche all theie saied after him; but this did so spight and vexe her, that she never gave over her railyng and ragyng againste them all.

*Twelfth Night* is written mainly in blank verse, which, since Marlowe, had been the standard metre of the English Drama. Exceptions  
**Metre.** are found in the prose of the narrative scene, II. i., of the scenes in which the characters of the underplot appear as the chief actors, and of passages of repartee such as I. v. 186-266. This is in accordance with Shakspeare's regular habit of using prose for the speeches of servants and humble persons generally, for farce, and often for matter-of-fact narrative, while the employment of verse indicates a higher emotional and imaginative level of both action and dialogue.

The normal type of the blank verse has five iambic feet, that is, ten syllables with the verse accent falling on the even syllables. From this regular form, however, Shakspeare deviates with great freedom, the commonest variations being the following:

1. The addition of an eleventh syllable; e.g.:

So please | my lord, | I might | not be | admit | *ted*,  
 I. i. 24.

And speak | to him | in ma | ny sorts | of mu | *sic*  
 That will | allow | me ve | ry worth | his ser | *vice*,  
 I. ii. 58-59.

Occasionally this extra syllable occurs in the middle of the line, at the main pause known as

the caesura, which is most frequent after the third foot; e.g.:

Stealing | and giv | ing o | *dour*. || Enough! | no more | !  
I. i. 7.

E'er since | pursue | *me*. || How now! | what news |  
from her? | I. i. 23.

2. Frequently what seems an extra syllable is to be slurred in reading; thus "spirit" is monosyllabic in

O *spirit* | of love, | how quick | and fresh | art thou | ,  
I. i. 9.

So the middle syllable of "natural" is slurred in

A na | *tural* per | spective, | that is | and is | not, V. i.  
224.

In some lines it is doubtful whether a syllable is to be slurred or sounded as a light extra syllable; as, e. g., the second syllable of "ceremony" in

And all | the *cere* | mony | of this | compact, V. i. 164.

3. Short lines lacking one or more feet occur, especially at the beginning or end of a speech; e.g.:

He was a bachelor then, I. ii. 29.

No, not the duke's, I. ii. 46.

What is your parentage? I. v. 308.

4. Long lines of twelve or thirteen syllables occur; e.g.:

Do give | thee five- | fold bla | zon. Not | too fast! ||  
*Soft, soft!* I. v. 324.

That do | renown | this ci | ty. Would | you par || *don*  
*me*, III. iii. 24.

You throw | a strange | regard | upon | me, and || *by*  
*that*, V. i. 219.

That tyr | annous heart | can think? | To one | of your ||  
*receiving*, III. i. 130.

In such lines some words bearing the metrical accent are quite unemphatic in reading.

5. Frequently, especially in the first foot, a trochee is substituted for an iambus, i.e., the accent falls on the odd instead of on the even syllable; e.g.:

*Give* me | excess of it, that, surfeiting, I. i. 2.

*Courage* | and hope both teaching him the practice.  
 I. ii. 13.

In the following line the first and third feet are anapaests, i.e., have two unstressed syllables before the accent:

*Let me speak* | a lit | *tle*. *This youth* | that you | see  
 here | , III. iv. 399.

6. It must be remembered, however, that some words have changed their pronunciation since Shakspeare's time. Thus the noun "compact" had the accent on the second syllable, as in

And all the ceremony of this | *compáct*, V. i. 164.

So *accéss* in I. iv. 17, *aspéct* in I. iv. 29, *recórd* in V. i. 253; and conversely, *ántique* in II. iv. 3, *pérspective* in V. i. 224, etc.



Again, terminations like “-tion” were often dissyllabic, as in

Her sweet | perfec | ti-ons | with one | self king | ,  
I. i. 39.

I know | not what | 'twas but | distrac | ti-on | , V. i. 61.

In “remembrance” and “country” in the following lines, the *r* is syllabified:

And las | ting in | her sad | remem | b(e)rance | , I. i. '32.  
The like | of him. | Know'st thou | this coun | t(e)ry | ,  
I. ii. 21.

Although differences between the language of Shakspeare and that of our own day are obvious to the most casual reader, there is a risk that the student may underestimate the extent of these differences, and, assuming that similarity of form implies identity of sense, miss the true interpretation. The most important instances of change of meaning are explained in the notes; but a clearer view of the nature and extent of the contrast between the idiom of *Twelfth Night* and that of modern English will be gained by a classification of the most frequent features of this contrast. Some of the Shakspearean usages are merely results of the carelessness and freedom which the more elastic standards of the Elizabethan time permitted; others are forms of expression at that time quite accurate, but now become obsolete.

1. NOUNS. Shakspeare frequently uses an



abstract noun with "of" where modern English has an adjective; e.g.: in I. v. 72, "Mouse of virtue" = virtuous mouse. Conversely, in I. iv. 22, "civil bounds" = bounds of civility.

2. PRONOUNS. (a) The nominative is sometimes used for the objective, especially after prepositions; e.g.: "Save I," III. i. 171.

(b) "His" is sometimes used instead of the sign of the possessive case; e.g.: "The count his galleys," III. iii. 26.

(c) The ethical dative is commoner in Shakspeare than in modern speech; e.g.:

Will either of you bear *me* a challenge to him, III. ii. 44.

Scout *me* for him at the corner, III. iv. 197.

Build *me* thy fortunes, III. ii. 36.

(d) The modern distinctions among the relative pronouns *who*, *which*, *that*, *as*, is not observed by Shakspeare; e.g.:

And in *such* forms *which* here were presupposed, V. i. 360.

(e) The objective case of the personal pronouns is at times used reflexively where modern English requires no object; e.g.: "I fear *me*," III. i. 124; "Now I remember *me*," V. i. 286.

3. VERBS. (a) A singular verb is often found with a plural subject; e.g.:

There *is* no woman's sides, II. iv. 94.

When wit and youth *is* come to harvest, III. i. 142.

Daylight and champaign *discovers* not more, II. v. 175.

(b) A plural verb is often found with a singular subject, through the attraction of an intervening plural; e.g.:

Every one of these letters are in my name, II. v. 152-53.  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings have breathed out,  
V. i. 118.

Each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump, V. i. 258-59.

(c) The "n" is frequently dropped from the ending of the past participle of strong verbs in cases where it is retained at the present day; e.g.: "spoke" for "spoken," I. iv. 21. When the word thus produced might be mistaken for the infinitive, the form of the past tense is found; e.g.: "took" for "taken," I. v. 294; "mistook" for "mistaken," V. i. 266, where the form "take" would have been ambiguous.

(d) Verbs of motion are at times omitted; e.g.:

I will  $\Delta$  on with my speech, I. v. 212.

Shall I  $\Delta$  to this lady, II. iv. 123.

$\Delta$  Presently after him, III. iv. 223.

(e) "To" is sometimes used with the infinitive where it is omitted in modern English; e.g.:

I had rather hear you *to* solicit, III. i. 119.

The converse is more frequent than it is in contemporary speech; e.g.:

Will you go  $\Delta$  hunt, I. i. 16.

First go  $\Delta$  see your lodging, III. iii. 20.

(f) The infinitive with "to" is sometimes used for the gerund with another preposition; e.g.:

You might have saved me my pains, *to have taken* (= by taking) it away yourself, II. ii. 57.

Under your hard construction must I sit

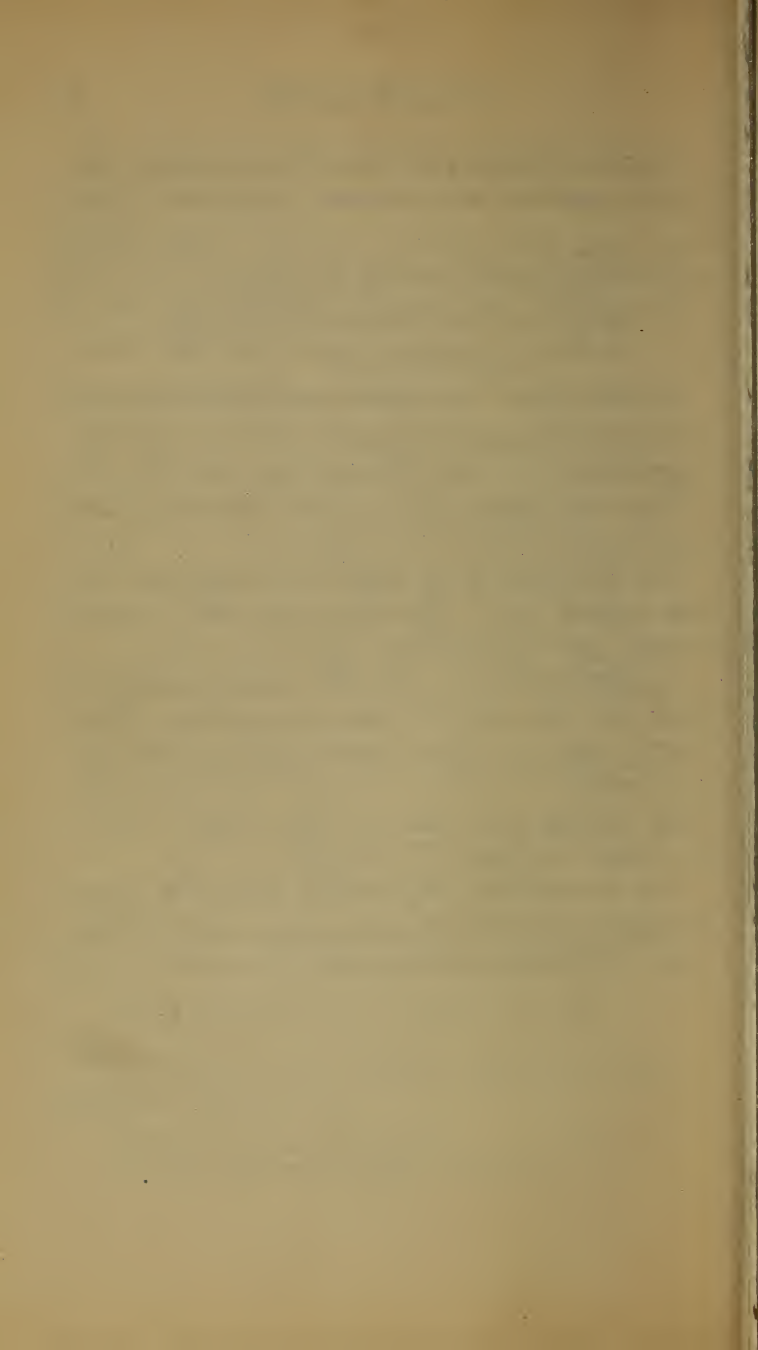
*To force* (= by forcing) that on you, III. i. 125-26.

4. ADVERBS. (a) Double and triple negatives are used with a merely intensive force; e.g.: "Nor no railing," I. v. 108; "Nor will you not," II. i. 1; "Nor never none," III. i. 170; "Nor this is not my nose neither," IV. i. 8-9.

(b) The form of the adjective is often used for the adverb; e.g.: "For his sake did I expose myself, *pure* for his love," V. i. 87.

5. PREPOSITIONS. (a) The usage in prepositions was less definite than it is to-day. Thus "of" = "on" in "What bestow *of* him?" III. iv. 2; "with" = "of" or "from" in "This comes *with* seeking you," III. iv. 372; "up" = "out" in "Make up that," II. v. 132.

(b) Occasionally prepositions were used where in modern English the verb takes a direct object; e.g.: "To flatter *with* his lord," I. v. 335.



TWELFTH NIGHT.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

CURIO,

SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *servants to Olivia.*

FESTE, *a clown,*

OLIVIA, *a rich countess.*

VIOLA.

MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians,  
and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*



TWELFTH NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

*A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter Duke, Curio, and other Lords; Musicians attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on!

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again! It had a dying fall.

5 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour. Enough! no  
more!

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art  
thou,

10 That, notwithstanding thy capacity

Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,

Of what validity and pitch soe'er,

But falls into abatement and low price  
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy  
That it alone is high fantastical.

15

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.*

What, Curio?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purged the air of pestilence! 20  
That instant was I turned into a hart;  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me.

*Enter Valentine.*

How now! what news from her?

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her handmaid do return this 25  
answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep  
fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love when the rich golden shaft 35  
Hath killed the flock of all affections else  
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied,  
and filled

Her sweet perfections with one self king!

40 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;

Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with  
bowers. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*The sea-coast.*

*Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

5 Perchance he is not drowned. What think  
you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may  
he be.

Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort you with  
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

10 When you and those poor number saved with  
you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your  
brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself,

Courage and hope both teaching him the  
practice,

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back, 15  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature as in name. 25

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him.  
He was a bachelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late; 30  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you  
know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of—  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she? 35

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since, then  
leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,

40 They say, she hath abjured the company  
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O that I served that lady,  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is!

*Cap.* That were hard to compass,  
45 Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And though that nature with a beauteous  
wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
50 I will believe thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
55 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke.  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.  
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
60 What else may hap to time I will commit,  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes  
not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee. Lead me on. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*A room in Olivia's house.*

*Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.*

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, <sup>5</sup> takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine! I'll confine myself no finer <sup>10</sup> than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you. <sup>15</sup> I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

20

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.



25 *Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and  
30 hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought  
35 among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

40 *Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a  
45 coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.*

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby  
50 Belch!

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew!

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

55

*Sir To.* My niece's chambermaid.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

60

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

65

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part só, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, 70 do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, "thought is free." I pray you, 75 bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet-heart? What's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

80

*Sir And.* Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

85 *Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends.

—Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit.*

*Sir To.* O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary.

When did I see thee so put down?

90 *Sir And.* Never in your life, I think, unless you  
see canary put me down. Methinks some-  
times I have no more wit than a Christian or  
an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater  
of beef and I believe that does harm to my  
95 wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it.  
I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* Pourquoi, my dear knight?

100 *Sir And.* What is "pourquoi"? Do or not do?  
I would I had bestowed that time in the  
tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and  
bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head  
105 of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not  
curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't  
110 not?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a  
distaff. . . .

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby.  
Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's  
four to one she'll none of me. The count <sup>115</sup>  
himself here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count. She'll not  
match above her degree, neither in estate,  
years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't.  
Tut, there's life in't, man. 120

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow  
o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight  
in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshawses,  
knight? 125

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he  
be, under the degree of my betters; and yet  
I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard,  
knight? 130

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick  
simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? Where- <sup>135</sup>  
fore have these gifts a curtain before 'em?  
Are they like to take dust, like Mistress  
Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to  
church in a galliard and come home in a  
coranto? My very walk should be a jig. . . . <sup>140</sup>  
What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide  
virtues in? I did think, by the excellent

constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

145 *Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

150 *Sir And.* Taurus! That's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! Higher! Ha, ha! Excellent! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

5 *Vio.* You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

10 *Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?



*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all. I have  
unclasped  
To thee the book even of my secret soul; 15  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto  
her.

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,  
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow 20  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds  
Rather than make unprofited return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what  
then?

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my love, 25  
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.  
It shall become thee well to act my woes.  
She will attend it better in thy youth  
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it; 30  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,  
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small  
pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part. 35



I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair. Some four or five attend  
him,—

All, if you will; for I myself am best  
When least in company. Prosper well in  
this,

40 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best  
To woo your lady,—[*aside*] yet, a barful  
strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*A room in Olivia's house.*

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,  
or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle  
may enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady  
will hang thee for thy absence.

5 *Clo.* Let her hang me! He that is well hanged  
in this world needs to fear no colours.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer. I can tell thee

where that saying was born, of "I fear no 10  
colours."

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to  
say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it; 15  
and those that are fools, let them use their  
talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hanged for being so long  
absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as  
good as a hanging to you? 20

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad mar-  
riage; and, for turning away, let summer  
bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute, then?

*Clo.* Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two 25  
points.

*Mar.* That if one break, the other will hold; or,  
if both break, your gaskins fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy  
way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou 30  
wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in  
Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here  
comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely,  
you were best. [Exit. 35

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good  
fooling! Those wits, that think they have  
thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am  
sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man;

40 for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty  
fool than a foolish wit."

*Enter Lady Olivia and retinue with Malvolio.*

God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the  
lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool, I'll no more of you;  
besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good  
counsel will amend; for give the dry fool  
50 drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dis-  
honest man mend himself; if he mend, he is  
no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the  
botcher mend him. Any thing that's  
mended is but patched; virtue that trans-  
55 gresses is but patched with sin, and sin that  
amends is but patched with virtue. If that  
this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will  
not, what remedy? As there is no true  
cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.  
60 The lady bade take away the fool; therefore,  
I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree! Lady,  
"cucullus non facit monachum"; that's as  
65 much to say as I wear not motley in my  
brain. Good madonna, give me leave to  
prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexteriously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

70

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mournest thou?

75

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away<sup>80</sup> the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise,<sup>85</sup> doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are<sup>90</sup> no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no<sup>95</sup> more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is

gagged. I protest, I take these wise men,  
100 that crow so at these set kind of fools, no  
better than the fools' zanies.

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and  
taste with a distempered appetite. To be  
generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is  
105 to take those things for bird-bolts that you  
deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in  
an allowed fool, though he do nothing but  
rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man,  
though he do nothing but reprove.

110 *Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for  
thou speakest well of fools!

*Re-enter Maria.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentle-  
man much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it?

115 *Mar.* I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young  
man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks  
120 nothing but madman; fie on him! [*Exit*  
*Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit  
from the count, I am sick, or not at home,—  
what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*]  
Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old,  
125 and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy  
eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove

cram with brains! for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

*Enter Sir Toby.*

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk. What is he <sup>130</sup> at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman! What gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot! <sup>135</sup>

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby!

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* [Lethargy]! I defy [lethargy]. There's one at the gate. <sup>140</sup>

*Oli.* Ay, marry, what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[*Exit.*

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drowned man, a fool, and a mad man. <sup>145</sup> One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the crowner and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of <sup>150</sup> drink, he's drowned. Go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will



155 speak with you. I told him you were sick.  
He takes on him to understand so much, and  
therefore comes to speak with you. I told  
him you were asleep. He seems to have a  
foreknowledge of that too, and therefore  
160 comes to speak with you. What is to be said  
to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand  
at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the  
165 supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with  
you.

*Oli.* What kind o' man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

170 *Mal.* Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you,  
will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young  
enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a  
175 peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an  
apple. 'Tis with him in standing water,  
between boy and man. He is very well-  
favoured and he speaks very shrewishly.  
One would think his mother's milk were  
180 scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach. Call in my gentle-  
woman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter Maria.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. 185

*Enter Viola and Attendants.*

*Vio.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable 190  
beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the  
lady of the house, for I never saw her. I  
would be loath to cast away my speech, for  
besides that it is excellently well penned, I  
have taken great pains to con it. Good 195  
beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very  
comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied,  
and that question's out of my part. Good 200  
gentle one, give me modest assurance if you  
be the lady of the house, that I may proceed  
in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart; and yet, by the 205  
very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that  
I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp  
yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not 210  
yours to reserve. But this is from my com-

mission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

215 *Oli.* Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned. I pray  
220 you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me  
225 to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant,  
230 sweet lady. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger.

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

235 *Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? What  
240 would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appeared in me

have I learned from my entertainment.  
What I am, and what I would, are as secret  
as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to  
any other's, profanation. 245

*Oli.* Give us the place alone; we will hear this  
divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*]  
Now, sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,—

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be 250  
said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom! In what chapter of his  
bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his 255  
heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it. It is heresy. Have you  
no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to 260  
negotiate with my face? You are now out of  
your text, but we will draw the curtain and  
show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a  
one I was—this present. Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all. 265

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and  
weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.  
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, 270

If you will lead these graces to the grave  
And leave the world no copy.

275 *Oli.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will  
give out divers schedules of my beauty. It  
shall be inventoried, and every particle and  
utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two  
lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes,  
with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin,  
and so forth. Were you sent hither to  
280 praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud;  
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you. O, such love  
Could be but recompensed, though you were  
crowned  
285 The nonpareil of beauty!

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of  
fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind. I cannot  
love him.  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble;  
290 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and  
valiant,  
And in dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person. But yet I cannot love  
him.  
He might have took his answer long ago.



*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame, 23  
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense,  
I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house; 300  
Write loyal cantons of contemned love  
And sing them loud even in the dead of  
night;  
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest 305  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me!

*Oli.* You might do much.  
What is your parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.  
I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord. 310  
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,—  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well!  
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for  
me.

*Vio.* I am no feed post, lady. Keep your purse. 315  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall  
love;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be



Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.  
[*Exit.*

320 *Oli.* "What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.  
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art.  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and  
spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast!  
Soft, soft!

325 Unless the master were the man. How now!  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
330 What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The county's man. He left this ring behind  
him,

Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.  
335 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes. I'm not for  
him.

If that the youth will come this way  
to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee,  
Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

340 *Oli.* I do I know not what, and fear to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not  
owe.

What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[*Exit.*

## ACT SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*The sea-coast.*

*Enter Antonio and Sebastian.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me. The malignancy of my fate  
5 might perhaps distemper yours, therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you are  
10 bound.

*Seb.* No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to  
15 keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline,  
20 whom I know you have heard of. He left

behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! But you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister <sup>25</sup> drowned.

*Ant.* Alas the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not with <sup>30</sup> such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remem- <sup>35</sup> brance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant. 40

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once. My bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon <sup>45</sup> the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell. [Exit.

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 50

Else would I very shortly see thee there.  
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.  
[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*A street.*

*Enter Viola, Malvolio following.*

*Mal.* Were you not even now with the Countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

5 *Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him, and—  
10 one thing more—that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

15 *Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* I left no ring with her. What means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed 20  
her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,  
That sure methought her eyes had lost her  
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure. The cunning of her  
passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger 25

None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her  
none.

I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. 30

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her 35  
dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love,

As I am a woman,—now alas the day!— 40

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia  
breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I.

It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*



## SCENE III.

*A room in Olivia's house.*

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and “diluculo surgere,” thou know’st,—

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I  
5 know, to be up late is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes.  
10 Does not our life consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou’rt a scholar; let us therefore eat  
15 and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i’ faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of “we three”?

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let’s have a catch.

20 *Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou

spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians<sup>25</sup>  
passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'Twas  
very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for  
thy leman. Hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's  
nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white<sup>30</sup>  
hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale  
houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! Why, this is the best fool-  
ing, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you.<sup>35</sup>  
Let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too. If one  
knight give a—

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of  
good life? 40

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

*Clo.* [*Sings.*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low. 45

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good. 50

*Clo.* [*Sings.*]

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure.  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
55 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

60 *Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, 'i faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one  
65 weaver? Shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't. I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

70 *Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

*Clo.* "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

75 *Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool. It begins, "Hold thy peace."

*Clo.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*Catch sung.*

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If <sup>80</sup>  
my lady have not called up her steward  
Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors,  
never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians,  
Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three <sup>85</sup>  
merry men be we." Am not I consan-  
guineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-  
vally. Lady! [*Sings.*] "There dwelt a man  
in Babylon, lady, lady!"

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable <sup>90</sup>  
fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be  
disposed, and so do I too. He does it with  
a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* [*Sings.*] "O, the twelfth day of Decem- <sup>95</sup>  
ber,"—

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad, or what are you?  
Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but  
to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? <sup>100</sup>  
Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house,  
that ye squeak out your coziers' catches with-  
out any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is  
there no respect of place, persons, nor time  
in you?

105

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches.  
Sneck up!

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My

110 lady bade me tell you that, though she  
harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing  
allied to your disorders. If you can separate  
yourself and your misdemeanours, you are  
welcome to the house; if not, an it would  
115 please you to take leave of her, she is very  
willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs  
be gone."

*Mar.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

120 *Clo.* "His eyes do show his days are almost  
done."

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* "But I will never die."

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

125 *Sir To.* "Shall I bid him go?"

*Clo.* "What an if you do?"

*Sir To.* "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

*Clo.* "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

130 *Sir To.* Out o' tune, sir; ye lie. Art any more  
than a steward? Dost thou think, because  
thou art virtuous, there shall be no more  
cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot  
i' the mouth too.

135 *Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your  
chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's  
favour at any thing more than contempt,

you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand. 140

[*Exit.*

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him. 145

*Sir To.* Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the count's was to-day 150 with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. 155 I know I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess us, possess us. Tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan. 160

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

*Sir To.* What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I 165 have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing



constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned  
ass, that cons state without book and utters  
170 it by great swarths; the best persuaded of  
himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with  
excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith  
that all that look on him love him; and on  
that vice in him will my revenge find notable  
175 cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles  
of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard,  
the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait,  
180 the expressure of his eye, forehead, and com-  
plexion, he shall find himself most feelingly  
personated. I can write very like my lady  
your niece. On a forgotten matter we can  
hardly make distinction of our hands.

185 *Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou  
wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and  
that she's in love with him.

190 *Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that  
colour.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him  
an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

195 *Sir And.* O, 't will be admirable!

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my  
physic will work with him. I will plant you

two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream <sup>200</sup> on the event. Farewell. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that? 205

*Sir And.* I was adored once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 210

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis <sup>215</sup> too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.

*A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music. Now, — good morrow, friends, —

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

That old and antique song we heard last night.  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
5 More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.  
Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that  
should sing it.

10 *Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the  
lady Olivia's father took much delight in.  
He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the  
while. [*Exit Curio. Music plays.*]

15 Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;  
For such as I am all true lovers are,  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
20 That is beloved. How dost thou like this  
tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is throned.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly.  
My life upon't, young though thou art,  
thine eye  
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves.  
25 Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What years,  
i' faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman  
take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, 30  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and  
worn,  
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord. 35

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour,

*Vio.* And so they are; alas, that they are so! 40  
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter Curio and Clown.*

*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.  
Mark it Cesario, it is old and plain.

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun  
And the free maids that weave their thread 45  
with bones

Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay; prithee, sing.

[*Music.* 50]

## SONG.

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid.  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
55 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
60 On my black coffin let there be strown.  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be  
thrown.  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
65 Sad true lover never finds my grave,  
To weep there!

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

70 *Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one  
time or another.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and  
the tailor make thy doublet of changeable  
75 taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would  
have men of such constancy put to sea, that



their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.  
[Exit.]

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*]

Once more, Cesario, 80

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.

The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune; 85

But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems

That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answered.

*Vio.* Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, 90

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.

You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion 95

As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.



Alas, their love may be called appetite,  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,  
100 That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt.  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much. Make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know—

105 *Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may  
owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
110 I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in  
thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy  
115 She sat, like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more; but  
indeed

Our shows are more than will, for still we  
prove

Much in our vows, but <sup>as</sup> little in our love.

120 *Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say,  
My love can give no place, bide no denay. 125

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Olivia's garden.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.* Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man. You know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here. 10

*Sir To.* To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain. 15

*Enter Maria.*

How now, my metal of India!

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*], for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but a fortune. All is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an overweening rogue!

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advanced plumes!

*Sir And.* 'S light, I could so beat the rogue!

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio!

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't. The lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

45

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

*Sir To.* O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! 50

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

55

*Mal.* And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for kinsman Toby,—

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

60

*Fab.* O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches, 65 courtesies there to me,—

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching 70 my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

75 *Mal.* Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having  
cast me on your niece give me this preroga-  
tive of speech,"—

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* "You must amend your drunkenness."

80 *Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of  
our plot.

*Mal.* "Besides, you waste the treasure of your  
time with a foolish knight,"—

85 *Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* "One Sir Andrew,"—

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I; for many do call me  
fool.

*Mal.* What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

90 *Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* O, peace, and the spirit of humours inti-  
mate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand. These  
be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and  
95 thus makes she her great P's. It is, in con-  
tempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why  
that?

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this,  
100 and my good wishes":—her very phrases!  
By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impres-  
sure her Lucrece, with which she uses to  
seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be?



*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*Reads.*]

Jove knows I love;

105

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.

“No man must know.” What follows? The numbers altered! “No man must know!” 110  
If this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!

*Mal.* [*Reads.*]

I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore. 115

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* “M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.” Nay,  
but first, let me see, let me see, let me see. 120

*Fab.* What dish o’ poison has she dressed him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the staniel checks  
at it!

*Mal.* “I may command where I adore.” Why,  
she may command me. I serve her. She is 125  
my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal  
capacity, there is no obstruction in this.  
And the end,—what should that alphabetical  
position portend? If I could make that  
resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, 130  
A, I,—



*Sir To.* O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though  
135 it be as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

140 *Mal.* M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel. That suffers under probation. A should follow, but O does.

*Fab.* And O shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him  
145 cry O!

*Mal.* And then I comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

150 *Mal.* M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former. And yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. [*Reads.*] "If this fall into thy hand,  
155 revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thy self to what thou  
160 art like to be, cast thy humble slough and

appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee <sup>165</sup> that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward <sup>170</sup> still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champaign discovers not more. <sup>175</sup> This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for <sup>180</sup> every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of <sup>185</sup> injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! <sup>190</sup>

Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

[*Exit.*

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device—

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Re-enter Maria.*

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I' faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true. Does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vita with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, <sup>220</sup>  
mark his first approach before my lady.  
He will come to her in yellow stockings, and  
'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered,  
a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon  
her, which will now be so unsuitable to her <sup>225</sup>  
disposition, being addicted to a melancholy  
as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a  
notable contempt. If you will see it, follow  
me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excel- <sup>230</sup>  
lent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THREE.

### SCENE I.

*Olivia's garden.*

*Enter Viola, and Clown, with a tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

5 *Clo.* No such matter, sir. I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwells near him; or, the  
10 church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Clo.* You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned  
15 outward!

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

20 *Vio.* Why, man?

*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally



with that word might make my sister wanton.  
But indeed words are very rascals since bonds  
disgraced them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

25

*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without  
words; and words are grown so false, I am  
loath to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest  
for nothing.

30

*Clo.* Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in  
my conscience, sir, I do not care for you.  
If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it  
would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

35

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no  
folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be  
married; and fools are as like husbands as  
pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the  
bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her  
corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the  
sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry,  
sir, but the fool should be as oft with your  
master as with my mistress. I think I saw  
your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more  
with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair,  
send thee a beard!



*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one,—[*Aside.*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

55 *Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begged.

60 *Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say  
65 “element,” but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons, and the time,  
70 And, like the haggard, check at every feather  
That comes before his eye. This is a practice  
As full of labour as a wise man's art;  
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;  
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their  
wit.

*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

75 *Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

*Vio.* Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

L. of C. 1

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house? My niece <sup>80</sup>  
is desirous you should enter, if your trade be  
to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she  
is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion. <sup>85</sup>

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I  
understand what you mean by bidding me  
taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance. <sup>90</sup>  
But we are prevented.

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens  
rain odours on you!

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain  
odours;" well. 95

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your  
own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir And.* "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouch-  
safed"; I'll get 'em all three all ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me <sup>100</sup>  
to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir  
Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand,  
sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name? 105

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

*Oli.* My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world  
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

110 *Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.  
Your servant's servant is your servant,  
madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him. For his  
thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than filled  
with me!

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
115 On his behalf.

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you,  
I bade you never speak again of him;  
But, would you undertake another suit,  
I had rather hear you to solicit that  
Than music from the spheres.

120 *Vio.* Dear lady,—

*Oli.* Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did here,  
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse  
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.  
125 Under your hard construction must I sit,  
To force that on you, in a shameful cun-  
ning,  
Which you knew none of yours. What might  
you think?  
Have you not set mine honour at the stake  
And baited it with all the unmuzzled  
thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of 130  
your receiving

Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,  
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,  
That very oft we pity enemies. 135

*Oli.* Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.  
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of 140  
time.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have  
you;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to  
harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward-ho! Grace and good dispo- 145  
sition

Attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay!

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are. 150

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right. I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be!

*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am?

155 *I wish it might, for now I am your fool.*

*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid. Love's  
night is noon.

160 *Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
165 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;  
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,  
Love sought is good, but given unsought is  
better.*

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,  
170 And that no woman has; nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good madam; nevermore  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst  
move

175 That heart, which now abhors, to like his  
love. [*Exeunt.*



## SCENE II.

*A room in Olivia's house.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favours<sup>5</sup> to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me. I saw't i' the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now. 10

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'S light, will you make an ass o' me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason. 15

*Sir To.* And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart,<sup>20</sup> and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This



25 was looked for at your hand, and this was  
balked. The double guilt of this opportunity  
you let time wash off, and you are now  
sailed into the north of my lady's opinion,  
where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutch-  
30 man's beard, unless you do redeem it by  
some laudable attempt either of valour or  
policy.

*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be with  
valour; for policy I hate. I had as lief be a  
35 Brownist as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon  
the basis of valour. Challenge me the  
count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in  
eleven places; my niece shall take note of it;  
40 and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in  
the world can more prevail in man's com-  
mendation with woman than report of valour.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge  
45 to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst  
and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it  
be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt  
him with the license of ink. If thou thou'st  
50 him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and  
as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper,  
although the sheet were big enough for the  
bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go  
about it. Let there be gall enough in thy

ink. Though thou write with a goose-pen, 55  
no matter. About it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad, some two 60  
thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him. But  
you'll not deliver 't?

*Sir To.* Never trust me, then; and by all means  
stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen 65  
and wainropes cannot hale them together.  
For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find  
so much blood in his liver as will clog the  
foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his 70  
visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine  
comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh  
yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond 75  
gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very rene-  
gado; for there is no Christian, that means  
to be saved by believing rightly, can ever  
believe such impossible passages of grossness.  
He's in yellow stockings.

80

*Sir To.* And cross-gartered?

*Mar.* Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps  
a school i' the church. I have dogged him  
like his murderer. He does obey every point  
85 of the letter that I dropped to betray him.  
He does smile his face into more lines than  
is in the new map with the augmentation of  
the Indies. You have not seen such a thing  
as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things  
90 at him. I know my lady will strike him; if  
she do, he'll smile and take't for a great  
favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*A street.*

*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*

*Seb.* I would not by my will have troubled you;  
But, since you make your pleasure of your  
pains,

I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you. My desire,  
5 More sharp than filed steel, did spur me  
forth,

And not all love to see you, though so much  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skillless in these parts; which to a  
stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10  
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks, and ever [thanks. Too] oft 15  
good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;  
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's  
to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, sir. Best first go see your 20  
lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.  
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me.  
I do not without danger walk these streets. 25  
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his  
galleys  
I did some service; of such note indeed,  
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be  
answered.

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people?

*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature, 30  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.

It might have since been answered in repaying  
What we took from them, which, for traffic's  
sake,

35 Most of our city did; only myself stood out,  
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my  
purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
40 Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your  
knowledge

With viewing of the town. There shall you  
have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy  
45 You have desire to purchase, and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you  
For an hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.

*Seb.* I do remember.  
[*Exeunt.*



## SCENE IV.

*Olivia's garden.*

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

*Oli.* [*Aside.*] I have sent after him; he says  
he'll come;

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?  
For youth is bought more oft than begged or  
borrowed.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil, 5  
And suits well for a servant with my  
fortunes.

Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam, but in very strange  
manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? Does he rave? 10

*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing but smile.

Your ladyship were best to have some guard  
about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is  
tainted in 's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am 15  
as mad as he,

If sad and merry madness equal be.

*Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.*

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ho, ho.



*Oli.* Smilest thou?

20 *I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.*

*Mal.* Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the  
25 very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in  
30 my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed! Ay, sweet heart. . . .

35 *Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request! Yes. Nightingales answer daws.

40 *Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* "Be not afraid of greatness:" 'twas well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

45 *Mal.* "Some are born great,"—

*Oli.* Ha!

*Mal.* "Some achieve greatness,"—

*Oli.* What sayest thou?

*Mal.* "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

50

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,"—

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings!

*Mal.* "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

55

*Oli.* Cross-gartered!

*Mal.* "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

60

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure.

65

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

70

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

*Mal.* O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that

75

in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to"; "fellow!" not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but "fellow." Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

100 *Fab.* Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? How is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him. 105

*Mal.* Ah, ha! Does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? 110  
What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not 115  
bewitched!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say. 120

*Mal.* How now, mistress!

*Mar.* O Lord!

*Sir To.* Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him. 125

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir! 130

*Sir To.* Ay, "Biddy, come with me." What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby,  
135 get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of  
godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle  
140 shallow things; I am not of your element.  
You shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I  
could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

145 *Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection  
of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take  
air and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

150 *Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room  
and bound. My niece is already in the belief  
that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for  
our pleasure and his penance, till our very  
155 pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to  
have mercy on him; at which time we will  
bring the device to the bar and crown thee  
for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.

160 *Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it. I war-  
rant there's vinegar and pepper in't.



*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow." 165

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

*Fab.* A good note. That keeps you from the 170  
blow of the law.

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for." 175

*Fab.* Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—  
less.

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"— 180

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law; good. 185

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] "Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, 190

ANDREW AGUECHEEK."



If this letter move him not, his legs cannot.  
I'll give't him.

195 *Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't. He  
is now in some commerce with my lady, and  
will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at  
the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly.  
So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and,  
200 as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes  
to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swag-  
gering accent sharply twanged off, gives man-  
hood more approbation than ever proof itself  
would have earned him. Away!

205 *Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter; for the  
behaviour of the young gentleman gives him  
out to be of good capacity and breeding; his  
employment between his lord and my niece  
210 confirms no less; therefore this letter, being  
so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror  
in the youth; he will find it comes from a  
clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his chal-  
lenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek  
215 a notable report of valour, and drive the  
gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly  
receive it, into a most hideous opinion of  
his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This  
will so fright them both that they will  
220 kill one another by the look, like cocka-  
trices.

*Re-enter Olivia with Viola.*

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 225

*[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]*

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too uncharly on't.

There's some thing in me that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproof. 230

*Vio.* With the same 'haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture.  
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;  
And I beseech you come again to-morrow. 235

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,  
That honour saved may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that  
Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you. 240

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well!

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee!

*Vio.* And you, sir.

245 *Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee  
to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou  
hast done him, I know not; but thy inter-  
ceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter,  
attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount  
250 thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy  
assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath  
any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very  
free and clear from any image of offence done  
255 to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you;  
therefore, if you hold your life at any price,  
betake you to your guard; for your opposite  
hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and  
260 wrath can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubbed with unhatched  
rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is  
a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath  
265 he divorced three; and his incensement at this  
moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can  
be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre.  
Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house and desire  
270 some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.  
I have heard of some kind of men that put

quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get<sup>275</sup> you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you<sup>280</sup> must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is. It is<sup>285</sup> something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signor Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?<sup>290</sup>

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read<sup>295</sup> him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him?<sup>300</sup> I will make your peace with him if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much  
305 of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is  
310 inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Plague on't, I'll not meddle with him.

315 *Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged  
320 him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll  
325 ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Re-enter Fabian and Viola.*

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.



*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. 330

*Sir To.* [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth 335 talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I 340 lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you. He cannot by the 345 duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath!

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will. 350

[*They draw.*]

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;  
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Sir To.* You, sir! Why, what are you?



355 *Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more  
Than you have heard him brag to you he  
will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for  
you. [*They draw.*]

*Enter Officers.*

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the  
officers.

360 *Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I  
promised you, I'll be as good as my word.  
He will bear you easily and reins well.

365 *First Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

*Sec. Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of  
Count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

*First Off.* No, sir, no jot. I know your favour  
well,

370 Though now you have no sea-cap on your  
head.

Take him away; he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with  
seeking you.

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

375 Makes me to ask you for my purse? It  
grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you

Than what befalls myself. You stand  
amazed,  
But be of comfort.

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money. 380

*Vio.* What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed me  
here,

And, part, being prompted by your present  
trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something. My having is not 385  
much.

I'll make division of my present with you.

Hold, there's half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my  
misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man 390

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none,

Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, 395

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* O heavens themselves!

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you  
see here

400 I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,  
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,  
And to his image, which methought did  
promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

*First Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by;  
away!

405 *Ant.* But O how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature  
shame.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be called deformed but the unkind.  
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil

410 Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.

*First Off.* The man grows mad; away with him!  
Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [Exit with Officers.]

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
415 That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither,  
Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of  
420 most sage saws.

*Vio.* He named Sebastian. I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass; even such and so  
In favour was my brother, and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate. O, if it prove, 425  
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in  
love. [Exit.

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a  
coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears  
in leaving his friend here in necessity and  
denying him; and, for his cowardship, ask 430  
Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious  
in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw 435  
thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not,— [Exit.

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing  
yet. [Exeunt. 440

## ACT FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*Before Olivia's house.*

*Enter Sebastian and Clown.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

5 *Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

10 *Seb.* I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lub-  
15 ber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.  
20 There's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.



*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand.  
These wise men that give fools money get  
themselves a good report—after fourteen  
years' purchase.

25

*Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again?  
There's for you.

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.  
Are all the people mad?

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er  
the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight. I would  
not be in some of your coats for two pence.  
[*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Come on, sir. Hold!

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone. I'll go another  
way to work with him. I'll have an action  
of battery against him, if there be any law in  
Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's  
no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

40

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come,  
my young soldier, put up your iron; you are  
well fleshed. Come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldst  
thou now?

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy  
sword.

*Sir To.* What, what? Nay, then I must have an

ounce or two of this malapert blood from  
you.

*Enter Olivia.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee,  
hold!

50 *Sir To.* Madam—

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous  
caves,

Where manners ne'er were preached! Out  
of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

55 *Rudesby*, be gone!

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

I prithee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent  
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,  
And hear thou there how many fruitless  
pranks

60 This ruffian hath botched up, that thou  
thereby

Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose  
but go.

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this? How runs the  
stream?

65 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep.

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Oli.* Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be  
ruled by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Olivia's house.*

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

*Enter Sir Toby and Maria.*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, master Parson.

*Clo.* Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very

wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc,  
 "That that is is"; so I, being master Parson,  
 am master Parson; for, what is "that" but  
 20 "that," and "is" but "is"?

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* What, ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good  
 knave.

25 *Mal.* [*Within.*] Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit  
 Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to  
 my lady.

30 *Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou  
 this man! Talkest thou nothing but of  
 ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged.

35 Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad.  
 They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by  
 the most modest terms, for I am one of those  
 gentle ones that will use the devil himself  
 40 with courtesy. Sayest thou that house is  
 dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay windows transparent as  
 barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the  
 45 south north are as lustrous as ebony; and  
 yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art 50 more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* I say, this house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am 55 no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply 60 inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well. Remain thou still in dark- 65 ness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

70

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

*Mar.* Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me 75 word how thou findest him. I would we



were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

*Clo.* [*Singing.*] "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does."

85 *Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* "My lady is unkind, perdy."

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* "Alas, why is she so?"

*Mal.* Fool, I say!

90 *Clo.* "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

95 *Clo.* Master Malvolio?

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously  
100 abused. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here propertied me, keep me in  
105 darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.



*Clo.* Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble. 110

*Mal.* Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will. 115

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say!

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits 120 as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage 125 thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit? 130

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. 135 I prithee, be gone.

*Clo.* [*Singing.*] I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
140 In a trice,  
Like to the old Vice,  
Your need to sustain;  
Who, with dagger of lath,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
145 Cries, ah, ha! to the devil,  
Like a mad lad.  
Pare thy nails, dad.  
Adieu, good man devil. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Olivia's garden.**Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* This is the air, that is the glorious sun,  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?  
5 I could not find him at the Elephant;  
Yet there he was, and there I found this  
credit,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service;  
For though my soul disputes well with my  
sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness, 10  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades  
me

To any other trust but that I am mad 15  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her  
followers,  
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable  
bearing  
As I perceive she does. There's something 20  
in't  
That is deceivable. But here the lady  
comes.

*Enter Olivia and Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean  
well,

Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by; theré, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof, 25  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace. He shall conceal it  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keep 30  
According to my birth. What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father; and heavens  
so shine.

35      That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*Before Olivia's house.*

*Enter Clown and Fabian.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing. 5

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again.

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings. 10

*Duke.* I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy 15 friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass  
20 of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an  
ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the  
knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am  
abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses,  
25 if your four negatives make your two affirm-  
atives, why then, the worse for my friends  
and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you  
to be one of my friends.

30 *Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me.  
There's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I  
would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

35 *Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this  
once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a  
double-dealer. There's another.

*Clo.* Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and  
40 the old saying is, the third pays for all. The  
triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or  
the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you  
in mind; one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at  
45 this throw. If you will let your lady know I  
am here to speak with her, and bring her  
along with you, it may awake my bounty  
further.



*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.  
[*Exit.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Enter Antonio and Officers.*

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well, 55  
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,  
With which such scathful grapple did he 60  
make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the  
matter?

*First Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from 65  
Candy,  
And this is he that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and  
state,  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side, 70

But in conclusion put strange speech upon  
me.

I know not what 'twas but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! Thou salt-water thief!

What foolish boldness brought thee to their  
mercies

75 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,  
Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleased that I shake off these names you  
give me.

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
Though I confess, on base and ground  
enough,

80 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me  
hither.

That most ingrateful boy there by your side,  
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy  
mouth

Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add

85 My love, without retention or restraint,  
All his in dedication. For his sake

Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
Into the danger of this adverse town;  
Drew to defend him when he was beset;

90 Where being apprehended, his false cunning,  
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaint-  
ance,

And grew a twenty years removed thing  
While one would wink; denied me mine own  
purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use 95  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Duke.* When came he to this town?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three months  
before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company. 100

*Enter Olivia and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess; now heaven  
walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are  
madness.

Three months this youth hath tended upon  
me;

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may not 105  
have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam!

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,—

*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,— 110

*Vio.* My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music.

*Duke.*

Still so cruel!

115 *Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings have  
breathed out  
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I  
do?

120 *Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall  
become him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy  
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me  
this:

125 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your  
favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;  
But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
130 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender  
dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.  
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe  
in mischief.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
135 To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?

*Vio.* After him I love  
More than I love these eyes, more than my  
life,  
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. 140  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? Who does do you  
wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long? 145  
Call forth the holy father.

*Duke.* Come, away!

*Oli.* Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

*Duke.* Husband!

*Oli.* Ay, husband! Can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah!

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear 150

That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up.

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then  
thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, 155

Here to unfold, though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know  
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

180 *Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthened by interchangement of your  
rings;

165 And all the ceremony of this compact  
Sealed in my function, by my testimony;  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward  
my grave

I have travelled but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou  
be

170 When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never  
meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest—

*Oli.* O, do not swear!

175 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much  
fear.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon!  
Send one presently to Sir Toby.



*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For <sup>180</sup> the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very <sup>185</sup> devil incardinate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario?

*Sir And.* 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby. 190

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a <sup>195</sup> bloody coxcomb.

*Enter Sir Toby and Clown.*

Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did. 200

*Duke.* How now, gentleman! How is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

205 *Clo.* O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago.  
His eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures  
pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him! Who hath made this  
210 havoc with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll  
be dressed together.

*Sir To.* Will you help? An ass-head and a cox-  
comb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

215 *Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.  
[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*  
*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kins-  
man;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and  
by that

220 I do perceive it hath offended you.  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two  
persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

225 *Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio!  
How have the hours racked and tortured me,  
Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin 230  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother,  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister, 235  
Whom the blind waves and surges have  
devoured.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?  
What countryman? What name? What  
parentage?

*Vio.* Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too; 240  
So went he suited to his watery tomb.  
If spirits can assume both form and suit  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad  
Which from my birth I did participate. 245  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!"

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine. 250

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her  
birth

Had numbered thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finished indeed his mortal act

255 That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both  
But this my masculine usurped attire,  
Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump  
260 That I am Viola; which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,  
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle  
help

I was preserved to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

265 Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* [*To Olivia.*] So comes it, lady, you have  
been mistook;

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,

270 You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amazed, right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[*To Viola.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a  
thousand times

275 Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

*Duke.* , Give me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. 280

*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my maid's garments. He upon some  
action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio hither. 285  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much dis-  
tract.

*Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banished his.  
How does he, sirrah? 290

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the  
stave's end as well as a man in his case may  
do. Has here writ a letter to you. I should  
have given't you to-day morning, but as a  
madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills 295  
not much when they are delivered.

*Oli.* Open't, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edified when the fool  
delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] "By the  
Lord, madam,"— 300

*Oli.* How now, art thou mad?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness. An  
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be,  
you must allow Vox.

*Oli.* Prithee, read i' thy right wits. 305



*Clo.* So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus; therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah. [To *Fabian*.

310 *Fab.* [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as  
315 your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little un-  
320 thought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savours not much of distraction.

325 *Oli.* See him delivered, *Fabian*; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian*.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

330 *Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.



[*To Viola.*] Your master quits you; and for  
your service done him,  
So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you called me master for so long,  
Here is my hand. You shall from this time <sup>335</sup>  
be

Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister! You are she.

*Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? No.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that <sup>340</sup>  
letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand.  
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;  
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it  
then

And tell me, in the modesty of honour, <sup>345</sup>  
Why you have given me such clear lights of  
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to  
you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;  
350 And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck and gull  
That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

355 *Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Though, I confess, much like the character;  
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.  
And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad. Thou camest  
in smiling,

360 And in such forms which here were pre-  
supposed

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.  
This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon  
thee;

But when we know the grounds and authors  
of it,

365 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall  
not,

370 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceived against him. Maria writ

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.  
How with a sportful malice it was followed 375  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,  
If that the injuries be justly weighed  
That have on both sides passed.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

*Clo.* Why, "some are born great, some achieve 380  
greatness, and some have greatness thrown  
upon them." I was one, sir, in this inter-  
lude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.  
"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But do  
you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at 385  
such a barren rascal? An you smile not, he's  
gagged." And thus the whirligig of time  
brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abused. 390

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.  
He hath not told us of the captain yet.

When that is known and golden time con-  
vents,

A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister, 395  
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;  
For so you shall be, while you are a man;  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*]

*Clo. [Sings.]*

400 When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
405 With hey, ho, &c.  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their  
gate,  
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, &c.  
410 By swaggering could I never thrive.  
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, &c.  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
415 For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, &c.  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

*[Exit.]*

## NOTES.

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### ABBREVIATIONS.

A.—The Arden Shakespeare. Twelfth Night, ed. by A. D. Innis.

Abbott.—A Shakespearian Grammar, by E. A. Abbott, London, 1879.

Clar.—Clarendon Press Series, ed. by W. Aldis Wright.

Var.—The Variorum Shakespeare, ed. by H. H. Furness.

N. E. D. —A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, ed. by J. A. H. Murray, Henry Bradley, and W. A. Craigie.

TITLE.—*Twelfth Night, or What You Will*. Twelfth Night is the eve of the festival of the Epiphany, the celebration of the visit of the Magi to the infant Christ, occurring on the sixth of January, or *twelve* days after Christmas. It marked the close of the Christmas festivities, and was often celebrated by plays and similar entertainments. It is probable that the title, which bears no reference to the contents of the drama, was given because of the date of its first performance. The sub-title may be taken as indicating Shakspeare's indifference as to what it might be called.

### ACT I.

I. i. The first scene strikes the sentimental note which is the key to Orsino's character, and indicates his relation to Olivia, which is the basis of the main plot.

I. i. 3. *The appetite*. I.e., for music, not love.

I. i. 4. *Fall*. Cadence.

I. i. 5. *Sound*. This word has been much questioned, and many editors have adopted Pope's substitution of "south." But it seems necessary merely to understand it as a poetic shortening of "sound of the wind."

I. i. 9. *Quick*. Living.

I. i. 12. *Validity*. Value. *Pitch*. Height of ~~worth~~.



I. i. 14. *Fancy*. Love. This use is frequent in Shakspeare.  
Cf. Merchant of Venice, III. ii. 63-64,

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?

I. i. 15. That it is the one most highly imaginative state.

I. i. 17. *Hart*. This pun occurs elsewhere in Shakspeare.  
Cf. Julius Caesar, III. i. 207-208,

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee;

and also As You Like It, III. ii. 260.

I. i. 18. *The noblest*. I.e., Olivia's.

I. i. 21. *Turned into a hart*. The allusion, a common one in Elizabethan literature, is to the story of Actaeon, who, having looked on Diana bathing, was turned into a stag, and torn by his own hounds.

I. i. 24. *So please*. May it so please.

I. i. 26. *Element*. Air or sky. *Seven years' heat*. Seven summers.

I. i. 33-34. *That fine frame to pay*. So finely constituted as to pay.

I. i. 35. *Golden shaft*. The allusion is to a fancy, frequent in poetry since Ovid, that Cupid had arrows tipped with different metals, those with gold causing love, those with lead, hate, etc.

I. i. 37. *Liver, brain, and heart*. According to the old popular belief, these organs were the seats of the passions, the reason, and the sentiments, respectively.

I. i. 39. *Self*. Single. The general sense of the passage is, "When all her powers and perfections are dominated by one person, i.e., her husband."

I. i. 40-41. Note that the scene ends as it began, with an utterance expressive of the Duke's self-indulgent nursing of his emotions.

I. ii. This short scene carries on the exposition of the initial situation by introducing the heroine, giving further details about Orsino and Olivia and their mutual relations, and providing a motive for Viola's disguise. The later appearance of Sebastian is also prepared for.



I. ii. 1, 2. For metre cf. Introduction, p. 36, 3.

I. ii. 5. *Perchance*. Used here and in line 7 in the ordinary sense of "perhaps," in line 6, punningly, in the original sense of "by chance."

I. ii. 10. *Those poor number*. Number is taken as a collective, and the demonstrative made to agree with the plural idea. Cf. I. v. 100.

I. ii. 14. *Lived*. The usual sailors' word for "remained afloat."

I. ii. 15. *Arion*. The Greek musician, who, according to the fable, when thrown overboard by sailors who wished to get his wealth, was borne ashore by the dolphins which had gathered round the ship to listen to his lyre.

I. ii. 17, 18. For metre see Introduction, p. 36, 3

I. ii. 21. *The like*. A like escape. For metre see Introduction, p. 38, 6.

I. ii. 42. *Delivered*. Declared, made manifest.

I. ii. 43-44. The Folios have no comma after *mellow*, which must then be taken as a verb, giving the sense, "Till I had made my opportunity ripen my condition (which at present is not ripe for exposure)." With the punctuation in the text, *mellow* is an adjective, and the sense is, "O that I might not be exposed as to my condition, till I had made a ripe opportunity."

I. ii. 53. *Me*. For this redundant object cf. I. v. 281, "I see you what you are."

I. ii. 59. *Allow*. Cause to be acknowledged.

I. ii. 62. *Mute*. Mutes are frequently associated with eunuchs in accounts of Eastern courts.

I. iii. This scene introduces the characters of the comic underplot. Being farcical, it is written in prose.

I. iii. 1. *A plague*. An interjectional phrase like "the mischief." Its full form was probably, "In the name of the plague."

I. iii. 5. *Cousin*. This word was used to denote a much wider range of relationship than at present, and its use here does not contradict the implication of "niece" in line 1. Cf. As You Like It, I. iii. 44, "Ros. Me, uncle? Duke F. You, cousin."

I. iii. 7. *Except before excepted*. A formal law phrase

which the sound of "exceptions" called to Sir Toby's mind. Many of his jokes have no point except as expressing the muddled workings of a besotted mind. Cf. his next speech.

I. iii. 9. *Modest*. Moderate.

I. iii. 21. *Tall*. Bold, manly.

I. iii. 28. *Viol-de-gamboys*. The bass-viol or violoncello; Italian, *viola da gamba*, so called because held between the legs.

I. iii. 31. *Almost natural*. Almost like a "natural" or idiot.

I. iii. 34. *Gust*. Relish.

I. iii. 38. *Subtractors*. A drunken error for "detractors."

I. iii. 45. *Coystroll*. A base fellow.

I. iii. 47. *Parish top*. "A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work." Steevens, in Var. *Castiliano vulgo*. If this phrase had any meaning for Sir Toby, it is now lost.

I. iii. 56. *Chambermaid*. Not in the modern sense, for Maria is called by Olivia "my gentlewoman" (I. v. 182-83) and seems to act as lady's maid and companion to her mistress.

I. iii. 62. *Board*. The naval term, used often by Shakspeare in the sense of "address," "woo."

I. iii. 75. *Thought is free*. Maria quotes the proverb in answer to Sir Andrew's question in line 71, meaning to say that she can think if she likes that she has to do with a fool.

I. iii. 76. *Buttery-bar*. The ledge along the top of the half-door, over which liquor was served from the *butts* in the cellar.

I. iii. 80-84. *Dry*. The play here is on the different senses of "dry"—(1) opposed to moist figuratively, a moist hand being taken as a sign of amorousness; (2) opposed to moist literally; (3) stupid.

I. iii. 87. *Barren*. I.e., of jests.

I. iii. 88. *Canary*. A sweet wine from the Canary Islands.

I. iii. 89. *Put down*. Got the better of.

I. iii. 106. Sir Andrew misses Sir Toby's pun on "tongues" and "tongs," which were once pronounced alike.

I. iii. 108. *Curl by nature*. This is Theobald's emendation

for the Folio reading "coole my nature," which obscured both the play on "tongues" and that on art and nature.

I. iii. 115. *Count*. In I. ii. 25 and in the prefixes to his speeches, Orsino is called Duke; elsewhere, as here, Count. The inconsistency seems to be a mere oversight.

I. iii. 124. *Kickshawses*. Trifles. The singular "kickshaw" is a corruption of the French *quelque chose*, something, anything.

I. iii. 129. *Galliard*. A lively dance.

I. iii. 133. *Back-trick*. Exactly what feat in dancing is here referred to has not been certainly made out.

I. iii. 137-38. *Mistress Mall's picture*. It is probable that the name here is merely typical. No plausible identification has been made.

I. iii. 140. *Coranto*. A dance with a running or gliding step. Fr., *courante*.

I. iii. 147. *Dam'd coloured stock*. The color of Sir Andrew's stocking has caused much controversy. The Folio reading, preserved here, suggests merely "damned," which is not impossible. The favorite emendations have been "flame," "damask," "dove," "damson," etc., none of which is convincing.

I. iii. 149. *Taurus*. The reference is to the astrological belief that each of the signs of the zodiac affected a part of the human body. Taurus governed the neck and throat, so that both knights are in error.

I. iv. This scene presents the beginning of the main complication—Viola's love for Orsino, and her office as proxy-wooer of Olivia.

I. iv. 5. *Humour*. Caprice, or disposition. Both senses are common in Shakspeare.

I. iv. 14. *But*. Used by Shakspeare for "than" after negatives.

I. iv. 21. *Spoke*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (c).

I. iv. 22. *Civil bounds*. See Introduction, p. 39, 1.

I. iv. 29. *Nuncio*. Messenger.

I. iv. 33. *Rubious*. Ruby-colored.

I. iv. 34. *Sound*. Not broken or cracked.

I. iv. 35. *Semblative*. Resembling. This word is not found elsewhere.

I. iv. 36. *Thy constellation*. The constellation under which you were born and which determined your temperament; so, here, your qualities in general.

I. iv. 42. *Barful*. Full of hindrances. *Strife*. Attempt.

I. v. The pause between this scene and the previous one is longer than that between I. v. and II. i., a fact which has led Spedding and others to begin the second act here.

I. v. 6. *Fear no colours*. Fear nothing, the flag of no foe. The phrase was common and is introduced here to permit a pun on "collars" with reference to hanging.

I. v. 9. *Lenten*. Lean, spare, like meals in Lent.

I. v. 22-23. *For turning away . . . out*. As for being dismissed, let summer (when food and lodging are easily had) make it supportable. Others suggest puns on "turning away" and "turning of whey," or "turning o' hay." Clar suggests, "Wait till summer comes, and see if it is true"—implying that such threats had been frequent.

I. v. 26. *Points*. Maria goes on to pun on "points" in the sense of the laces with metal points that were used on the clothing instead of buttons—in the present instance, to fasten the hose to the doublet.

I. v. 28. *Gaskins*. Breeches or hose.

I. v. 35. *You were best*. Originally "you" in this phrase was a dative, the full phrase being "it were best for you." Cf. II. ii. 28, III. iv. 12, and Abbott, §230.

I. v. 40. *Quinapalus*. An imaginary authority, quoted in ridicule of the pedantic fashion of the time. *Witty*. Wise.

I. v. 46. *Dry*. Stupid. Cf. I. iii. 80-84, note.

I. v. 47. *Dishonest*. Badly behaved.

I. v. 48. *Madonna*. My lady.

I. v. 53. *Botcher*. Patcher.

I. v. 58-59. *As there is . . . flower*. In this nonsensical parody of a proverb, the clown is merely talking to postpone the scolding he expects.

I. v. 63. *Misprision*. Mistake, or, in law, criminal neglect in regard to the crime of another. It is not likely that Shakspeare meant the clown to use it accurately.

I. v. 64. *Cucullus*, etc. The cowl does not make the monk.

I. v. 69. *Dexteriously*. This may not be intended for a wrong form, as both "dexterious" and "dexteriously"



are found several times in 17th century works. See N. E. D.

I. v. 71-72. *Good my*. My good; formed on the analogy of phrases like "good my lord," in which the possessive has become attached to the noun, as in Fr. *monsieur*, or Ital. *madonna*. Cf. II. v. 195-96, "Dear my sweet."

I. v. 72. *Mouse of virtue*. Virtuous mouse. "Mouse" was an affectionate term, and its use here indicates the extent of the license permitted to professional fools. For the form of the phrase, see Introduction, p. 39, 1.

I. v. 95. *With*. For this use of *with* for "by," cf. Julius Caesar, III. ii. 201, "Marr'd, as you see, *with* traitors."

I. v. 100. *These set kind of fools*. The plural demonstrative here may be explained like "those" in I. ii. 10, "those poor number," or as due to the attraction of the plural "fools." It is a common colloquial mistake in modern speech.

I. v. 101. *Fools' zanies*. "A fool's zany is a buffoon who imitates the real fool in a grotesque manner." [Clar.]

I. v. 103. *Distempered*. Disordered, unhealthy.

I. v. 105. *Bird-bolts*. Blunt arrows shot from a cross-bow

I. v. 107. *Allowed*. Licensed, professional.

I. v. 108. *Nor no*. See Introduction, p. 41, 4, (a)

I. v. 110. *Leasing*. Lying. Mercury was the god of liars.

I. v. 112-13. *Gentleman much desires*. For omission of the relative cf. Abbott, §244, and line 206, below.

I. v. 119-120. *Speaks nothing but madman*. Speaks only madman's nonsense.

I. v. 126. *Spoke*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (c).

I. v. 128. *Here he comes*. I.e., Sir Toby.

I. v. 129. *Pia mater*. The inner membrane of the brain; used here for the brain itself.

I. v. 146. *Heat*. The point where wine makes him warm.

I. v. 149. *Crowner*. Coroner.

I. v. 164. *Sheriff's post*. Carved and painted posts were set up before the houses of mayors and sheriffs.

I. v. 165. *But*. Unless. Cf. line 307, below.

I. v. 174. *Squash*. An unripe peascod.

I. v. 175. *Codling*. Usually, a hard kind of apple; here, an unripe one.

I. v. 176. *In standing water*. "In the condition of standing water" [Clar.], i.e., between ebb and flow.

I. v. 178. *Shrewishly*. Sharply.

I. v. 195. *Con*. Learn by heart.

I. v. 197. *Comptible* . . . *usage*. Sensitive to the least ill-treatment. (Or *comptible* may mean "likely to call people to account.")

I. v. 201. *Modest*. Cf. I. iii. 9, note.

I. v. 205. *My profound heart*. Used with playful reference to Olivia's cleverness in detecting the theatrical allusions in Viola's use of "speech," "con," "part," "studied," etc.

I. v. 205-206. *By the very fangs*, etc. The most malicious inquiry could find out nothing worse about me than that I am not, etc.

I. v. 211. *From*. Out of.

I. v. 212. *Will on*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (d).

I. v. 215. *Forgive*. Excuse you from uttering.

I. v. 224. *That time of moon*. The reference is to the supposed effect of the moon in causing or increasing lunacy.

I. v. 228. *Swabber*. From *swab*, to clean the decks, etc., of a ship. *Hull*. Float without hoisting sail.

I. v. 229. *Giant*. From II. iii. 202, II. v. 15, and III. ii. 72, it appears that Maria was small.

I. v. 230. *Tell me your mind*. If these words belong to Viola, the meaning seems to be, "Do you assent to your attendant's attempt to put me out?" Many editors give the words to Olivia.

I. v. 236. *Overture*. Declaration. *Taxation*. Demand.

I. v. 237. *Olive*. The symbol of peace.

I. v. 242. *Entertainment*. Reception.

I. v. 244. *Maidenhead*. Maidenhood.

I. v. 250. *Comfortable*. Comforting—a Scriptural usage, in keeping with the figure introduced by Viola's use of "divinity."

I. v. 263-64. *Such a one I was—this present*. With this punctuation (the dash is not in the Folios), the sense is as follows: Olivia is using the conventional language of showing a portrait. "Such a one I was" would be the common phrase, followed by "at such and such a date." But the



date of portraiture is *this present*, even now. There have been many conjectural emendations.

I. v. 264. *Well done*. Here she still keeps up the language of portraiture. The idea of an artificial complexion is not introduced before Viola's next speech.

I. v. 266. *'Tis in grain*. I.e., it will not wash out. The phrase originally had reference to a seed-like insect from which a fast dye was made.

I. v. 270. *She*. For "she" used for "woman," cf. *As You Like It*, III. ii. 10, "The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

I. v. 276. *Labelled*. "Label" had a special sense of a paper appended to a will, a codicil. *Item*. Likewise, used to introduce each new article in an enumeration.

I. v. 280. *Praise*. Appraise, value. The preceding enumeration suggests the valuator's term.

I. v. 281. *You*. Cf. I. ii. 53.

I. v. 286. For metre, see Introduction, p. 36, 3.

I. v. 291. *Voices*. Public opinion. *Divulged*. Reputed. *Free*. Generous.

I. v. 292. *Dimension*. Bodily shape. Cf. v. i. 244.

I. v. 293. *Gracious*. Physically attractive.

I. v. 294. *Took*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (c).

I. v. 295. *In my master's flame*. With as fierce a passion as my master.

I. v. 299. *Willow*. The symbol of rejected love.

I. v. 301. *Cantons*. Cantos.

I. v. 303. *Reverberate*. Usually and properly in a passive sense, but here = "reverberant," "echoing."

I. v. 307. *But*. Cf. I. v. 165.

I. v. 309. *State*. Estate, condition.

I. v. 324. *Blazon*. Description of armorial bearings. Her gentility is proclaimed by her whole manner and appearance as clearly as it would be by the coat of arms of her family. For metre, see Introduction, p. 37, 4.

I. v. 331. *Peevish*. Foolish. The word is here merely a vague term of disapproval, used by Olivia to disguise her feelings.

I. v. 333. *County*. Count.

I. v. 335. *Flatter with*. See Introduction, p. 41, 5, (b).

I. v. 340-41. I fear that my mind (i.e., my heart) will not be able to resist the too favorable impression conveyed through my eyes.

I. v. 342. *Owe*. *Own*.

## ACT II.

II. i. This scene, which introduces the remaining important character, appears to be out of place. II. ii. follows immediately on I. v., and Innis shows "that a night intervenes between II. ii. and the concluding scenes of the play; whereas a night does *not* intervene between Sebastian's parting from Antonio and the final scene." Var. notes that in Irving's acting version II. i. becomes III. ii.

The scene is entirely Shakspeare's invention, as no character corresponding to Antonio occurs in any other known version of the story.

II. i. 1. *Nor . . . not*. See Introduction, p. 41, 4, (a).

II. i. 5. *Distemper*. Influence harmfully.

II. i. 12. *Extravagancy*. Aimless wandering. "My journey to a fixed destination is not such at all."

II. i. 15. *It charges me in manners*. Courtesy compels me.

II. i. 16. *Express*. Reveal.

II. i. 25. *Breach of the sea*. Breakers.

II. i. 31. *Such estimable wonder*. Wonder that estimates her so highly.

II. i. 39. *Murder me*—by breaking my heart over losing you.

II. i. 49. *Gentleness*. Favor.

II. ii. 8. *Desperate*. Hopeless.

II. ii. 10-11. *So hardy to come*. So bold as to come.

II. ii. 13. *So*. On those terms.

II. ii. 15. *Peevishly*. A reminiscence of Olivia's adjective in I. v. 331.

II. ii. 20. *Forbid . . . not*. This is a sort of double negative. See Introduction, p. 41, 4, (a).

II. ii. 22. *Sure*. This word is not found in the first Folio, but is adopted from the later Folios to complete the metre. *Lost*. Caused her to lose.

II. ii. 28. *She were better*. Cf. I. v. 35, and III. iv. 12.

II. ii. 30. *Pregnant*. Ready, clever. Cf. III. i. 97. *Enemy*. Devil.

II. ii. 31. *Proper-false*. Handsome but false.

II. ii. 35. *Fadge*. Suit the situation.

II. ii. 36. *Fond*. Dote.

II. ii. 41. *Thriftless*. Profitless.

II. iii. 3. *Deluculo surgere saluberrimum est*. To rise early is most healthful. This is a quotation from Lilly's Latin Grammar, the usual Latin text-book in Shakspeare's school-days.

II. iii. 10-11. *The four elements*. Earth, air, fire, and water, of which all bodies were supposed to be constituted.

II. iii. 15. *Stoup*. Drinking cup.

II. iii. 18. *The picture of "we three."* The reference is to a common picture of two fools or asses, with an inscription, "We three are fools" (or asses, or loggerheads), the spectator being the third.

II. iii. 19. *Catch*. Part-song.

II. iii. 21. *Breast*. Voice.

II. iii. 25-26. *Pigrogromitus . . . Queubus*. This is, of course, merely Sir Andrew's unintelligible version of the fool's intentional nonsense.

II. iii. 28. *Leman*. Sweetheart.

II. iii. 29. *I did impetico*, etc. The only comment necessary is the next speech.

II. iii. 37. *Testril*. Sixpence.

II. iii. 43 ff. *O mistress mine*, etc. This song appears in print as early as 1599, and is quite possibly not Shakspeare's. Cf. Introduction, p. 30.

II. iii. 55. *Sweet and twenty*. This has been variously interpreted: (1) as referring to the kisses; (2) *sweet* as a vocative, and *twenty*, referring to the kisses. This requires a comma after *sweet*. (3) The whole phrase as a vocative.

II. iii. 59. *Contagious breath*. Sir Toby seems to use the word *contagious* on the chance that Sir Andrew will take it up without understanding it, as he immediately does. *Breath* is ambiguous, meaning: (1) voice, as in line 22, above; (2) breath, in the modern sense, as is implied in the use of *nose* in line 61.

II. iii. 62. *Welkin*. Sky.

II. iii. 64. *Three souls*, etc. Simply a humorous exaggeration of the power of music. It is highly improbable that any

reference to the peripatetic philosophy, such as some have found here, was intended.

II. iii. 66-67. *Dog at.* Good at; a slang phrase.

II. iii. 84. *Cataian.* Properly a native of Cataia or Cathay, i.e., China. The word seems to have been used vaguely for "rogue."

II. iii. 85. *Peg-a-Ramsey.* A name caught at random from an old song.

II. iii. 85-86. "*Three merry men be we.*" A fragment of an old song.

II. iii. 87-88. *Tillyvally.* A common expression of contempt.

II. iii. 88-89. "*There dwelt,*" etc. Another fragment of an old song, suggested apparently by his contemptuous repetition of Maria's "Lady."

II. iii. 95. "*O, the twelfth,*" etc. This song has not been identified.

II. iii. 102. *Coziers'*. *Cobblers'*. Men of sedentary occupations, such as weavers, tailors, and cobblers, are often referred to as given to singing.

II. iii. 107. *Sneck up!* Shut up!

II. iii. 108. *Round.* Direct, outspoken.

II. iii. 116 ff. "*Farewell,*" etc. This and the six following fragments are from Corydon's Farewell to Phyllis, which appeared in Robert Jones's *Booke of Ayres*, 1601. See Introduction, p. 30.

II. iii. 132. *Cakes and ale.* The reference is to the riotous eating and drinking at church festivals, of which the Puritans strongly disapproved. See line 160, below.

II. iii. 135-36. *Rub your chain.* Mind your own business. The chain was the badge of office of a steward.

II. iii. 139-40. *Uncivil rule.* Disorderly behavior.

II. iii. 153. *A nayword.* The Folios read "an ayword," which is not found elsewhere. It seems to be used as = "byeword."

II. iii. 157. *Possess us.* Put us into possession, tell us.

II. iii. 168. *Affectioned.* Affected.

II. iii. 169. *Cons state.* Learns dignity by heart. *Utters.* Gives out, not necessarily in words.

II. iii. 170. *Swarths.* Corrupt form of "swaths." A *swath* is what falls within a single sweep of a scythe.

II. iii. 170-71. *Best persuaded of himself*. Most convinced of his own merits, most conceited.

II. iii. 180. *Expressure*. Expression. So "impressure" in II. v. 101.

II. iii. 181-82. *Feelingly personated*. Exactly described.

II. iii. 183. *On a forgotten matter*. In the case of a piece of writing which neither of us can remember having done.

II. iii. 190-91. *A horse of that colour*. Cf. As You Like It, III. ii. 434-35, "Boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour."

II. iii. 194. *Ass*. Shakspeare again puns on "as" and "ass" in Hamlet, V. ii. 43, "Many such-like Ases of great charge."

II. iii. 202. *Penthesilea*. Queen of the Amazons. Another reference to Maria's small size. Cf. I. v. 229, note.

II. iii. 209. *Recover*. Win.

II. iii. 210. *Out*. Out of pocket.

II. iii. 212. *Cut*. A term of contempt; probably from *cut*, a horse.

II. iii. 215. *Burn some sack*. Sack was a Spanish wine. "The derivation of the word is no doubt from *sec*, dry; not because sack was a *dry* wine in the modern sense of the word, but because it was made of grapes which in a very hot summer were dried almost to raisins by the sun, and so contained a large quantity of sugar." [Clar.] To *burn* or mull sack was to warm and spice it.

II. iv. 3. *Antique*. Quaint. "Antic" and "antique" were not as clearly differentiated as now. The Folio spelling is "anticke." For accent see Introduction, p. 37, 6.

II. iv. 5. *Recollected terms*. Carefully elaborated, or, perhaps, conventional phrases, as opposed to the "old and plain" (l. 43) language of the antique song.

II. iv. 18. *Motions*. Mental and emotional activities.

II. iv. 24. *Favour*. Countenance.

II. iv. 25. *By your favour*. Viola is secretly punning upon the two senses: (1) By your grace or leave; (2) Upon *your* countenance.

II. iv. 30. *Wears she to*. Comes to fit.

II. iv. 31. *Sways she level*. Rules steadily.

II. iv. 37. *Bent*. The figure is from a strung bow, and



may mean either "curve," and so "inclination," or "degree of tension," and so "force," "capacity."

II. iv. 44. *Spinster*. In the original sense of "a woman who spins."

II. iv. 45. *Free*. Care-free. *Bones*. Usually explained as the bobbins made of bone used in lace-making.

II. iv. 46. *Silly sooth*. Simple truth.

II. iv. 48. *The old age*. The good old times.

II. iv. 51 ff. *Song*. Some have doubted whether this be the original song, as it has seemed to them not to fit the Duke's description. The songs in plays were often left to the choice of the actor.

II. iv. 52. *Cypress*. It is disputed whether this means (1) a shroud of cypress, i.e., crape; (2) a coffin of cypress wood; or (3) a bier strewn with sprigs of cypress. The fifth line of the song seems to favor (2).

II. iv. 75. *Taffeta*. Silk.

II. iv. 89. For metre, see Introduction, pp. 35-36, 1.

II. iv. 94. *There is . . . sides*. See Introduction, p. 39, 3, (a). Note the Duke's characteristic inconsistency in his statements about women and love.

II. iv. 97. *Retention*. Power of retaining.

II. iv. 99. *Motion*. Emotion. The *liver* was supposed to be the seat of the passions.

II. iv. 100. The antecedent of *that* is contained in "their." *Cloyment*. Cloying.

II. iv. 110. For metre, see Introduction, pp. 35-36, 1.

II. iv. 113. *Thought*. Sorrow, melancholy, brooding.

II. iv. 116. *Smiling*, of course, goes with "she," not with "patience."

II. iv. 123. *Shall I to*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (d).

II. iv. 125. *Denay*. Denial.

II. v. 1. *Ways*. Originally an adverbial genitive.

II. v. 6. *Sheep-biter*. A dog that has acquired the habit of biting sheep becomes worthless. So the phrase is used as a general term of reproach, like "cur."

II. v. 9-10. *Bear-batting* was one of the sports most reprobated by the Puritans.

II. v. 16. *Metal of India*. Gold.

II. v. 19. *Behaviour*. Deportment.

II. v. 23. *Close*. Hide yourselves.

II. v. 27. *Affect*. Love.

II. v. 29. *Fancy*. Love.

II. v. 31. *Follows*. I.e., as a servant.

II. v. 35. *Jets*. Struts.

II. v. 36. *Advanced*. Up-reared.

II. v. 37. *'Slight*. God's light.

II. v. 43-44. *The Lady of the Strachy*. Evidently an allusion to a lost story of the marriage of a lady of rank to a servant.

II. v. 45. *Jezebel*. That Sir Andrew should be ignorant enough to call Malvolio by a woman's name is quite in character, so that no emendation is necessary.

II. v. 47. *Blows*. Puffs up.

II. v. 49. *State*. Chair of state.

II. v. 50. *Stone-bow*. A cross-bow which shoots stones.

II. v. 52. *Branched*. With a pattern of flowers and leaves.

II. v. 53. *Day-bed*. Couch.

II. v. 56. *Humour of state*. The caprices allowed to a man of rank.

II. v. 57. *A demure travel of regard*. A grave glance round. Cf. line 71, below.

II. v. 65. *My*—. This dash was suggested by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who thus interprets: "While Sir Toby is being fetched to the presence, the Lord Malvolio would frowningly wind up his watch or play with—and here from force of habit he fingers [his badge of office], and is about to add 'play with my chain,' but suddenly remembering that he would be no longer a steward, or other gold-chained attendant, he stops short, and then confusedly alters his phrase to—'some rich jewel.'" [Quoted in Var.]

II. v. 71. *Regard*. Look. Cf. line 57, above.

II. v. 89. *What employment*, etc. Merely a grandiloquent phrase for "What's this?" (Some editors read "implement.")

II. v. 90. *Woodcock*. Proverbial for its stupidity. Cf. Hamlet, I. iii. 115, "Springs to catch woodcocks." *Gin*. Snare.

II. v. 91-92. *Intimate*. Suggest.

II. v. 94-95. Many critics have been disturbed because

neither C nor P occurs in the address of the letter. But the objection is that of a reader, and Shakspeare wrote for an audience.

II. v. 95-96. *In contempt of question*. "So obvious that to question it is absurd." [Clar.]

II. v. 101. *Impressure*. Cf. II. iii. 180, note.

II. v. 102. *Lucrece*. The type of the chaste woman.

II. v. 110. *Numbers altered*. I.e., the metre of the next stanza is different.

II. v. 112. *Brock*. Badger, used as a term of contempt.

II. v. 116. *M, O, A, I*. The letters are probably chosen merely to mystify Malvolio—as they do.

II. v. 117. *Fustian*. Pretentious and worthless.

II. v. 122. *Staniel*. A kind of hawk. *Checks*. Turns aside from its proper prey.

II. v. 126-27. *Any formal capacity*. Any mind in good form or order.

II. v. 134. *Sowter*. Apparently the name of a hound. *Cry upon't*, as a dog does when he gets the scent. The passage is puzzling, and would certainly be simpler if we read a negative after "be," as Hanmer suggested. For, if the scent is as rank as a fox, it is inconsistent to refer to it as cold (l. 133) or as at fault (l. 139).

II. v. 139. *Faults*. Breaks in the line of scent. [N.E.D.]

II. v. 140-41. I.e., "What follows does not work out consistently. It breaks down when examined."

II. v. 150. *This simulation*, etc. This concealed meaning is not so intelligible as "I may command," etc.

II. v. 151. *Crush*. Force.

II. v. 153. *Are*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (b).

II. v. 159. *Blood*. Courage.

II. v. 161. *Slough*. The cast skin of a snake.

II. v. 162. *Opposite*. Contradictory.

II. v. 163-64. *Tang arguments of state*. Pronounce emphatically on state affairs.

II. v. 165. *Trick of singularity*. Individual eccentricities of manner.

II. v. 173. *Alter services*. Exchange places.

II. v. 175. *Champaign*. Open country. *Discovers*. Reveals.

See Introduction, p. 39, 3, (a).

II. v. 177. *Politic*. Dealing with state affairs. *Baffle*. Treat contemptuously.

II. v. 178. *Gross*. Vulgar.

II. v. 179. *Point-devise*. Precisely. If followed by a comma, it would mean "superfine."

II. v. 180. *Jade*. Befool, trick.

II. v. 184. *Manifests*. Offers.

II. v. 188. *Strange*. Odd, or distant (referring to line 162, above). *Stout*. Surly (referring to line 163, above).

II. v. 195-96. *Dear my sweet*. Cf. I. v. 71-72, note.

II. v. 201. *Sophy*. The Shah of Persia. An Englishman, Sir Thomas Shirley, had printed in 1600 an account of his adventures at the Persian court.

II. v. 211. *Tray-trip*. A game played with dice.

II. v. 219. *Aqua-vitae*. Strong liquor.

II. v. 223-24. *Abhors . . . detests*. Cf. lines 182-83, above. Malvolio is so intoxicated with his prospects that he can make himself believe anything.

II. v. 230. *Tartar*. Tartarus, hell.

### ACT III.

This act brings to a climax the main plot and also the two entanglements of the underplot, viz., the trick played on Malvolio, and that on Sir Andrew and Viola.

III. i. The love of Olivia for Viola, which is hinted at in I. v. and II. ii., is here fully declared, and its rejection brings about a dead-lock.

III. i. 2. *Tabor*. A sort of small drum.

III. i. 4. *Churchman*. Clergyman.

III. i. 13. *Cheveril*. Kid.

III. i. 23-24. *Since bonds*, etc. Since a man's bond is needed to strengthen his word. Feste puns on *word* in the sense of "promise."

III. i. 39. *Pilchards*. Fish very like herrings.

III. i. 45. *But*. If . . . not.

III. i. 48. *Pass upon*. Impose, play tricks on. Cf. III. ii. 79 and V. i. 362. It is often interpreted as a figurative use of a fencing phrase meaning "to thrust."

III. i. 50. *Commodity*. Supply.

III. i. 55. *Pair of these*. Pieces of money like what Viola has just given him.

III. i. 56. *Use*. Interest.

III. i. 57. *Pandarus*, etc. In Chaucer's *Troilus and Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida*, Pandarus is the uncle of Cressida, who serves as a go-between.

III. i. 61. *Cressida was a beggar*. The reference is to Robert Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid*, in which the heroine is smitten with leprosy and becomes a beggar. Shakspeare again alludes to it in *Henry V.*, II. i. 80, "The lazar kite of Cressid's kind." Henryson was a Scottish poet of the later 15th century.

III. i. 64-65. *Welkin* . . . "*element*." *Element* was used in the sense of "sky" as well as in the sense still familiar in such phrases as "out of my element." Feste's wit consists in substituting *welkin*, a synonym for *element* in the wrong sense.

III. i. 70. *Haggard*. An untrained hawk. *Check*. Cf. II. v. 122, note. Johnson and others have changed the *and* in this line to "not." But it is possible to retain the Folio reading, understanding it to mean that while the fool must use discrimination in choosing time and objects for his wit, he must avoid appearing too sensible, by straying aside (i.e., "checking") after any object that may offer.

III. i. 74. *Folly-fallen*. Fallen into folly. *Taint their wit*. Spoil their reputation for wisdom.

III. i. 77. *Dieu vous garde*. God keep you.

III. i. 78. *Et vous*, etc. And you also: your servant.

III. i. 80. *Encounter*. The delight in playing with words seems to have been shared by almost all classes in Shakspeare's time.

III. i. 81. *Trade*. Business.

III. i. 84. *List*. Properly, "border," and so "limit," "goal." There is probably also a pun on *bound*.

III. i. 85. *Taste*. Try.

III. i. 91. *Prevented*. Anticipated, the original sense.

III. i. 97. *Pregnant*. Ready. Cf. II. ii. 30. Note the changes in the style of Viola's speeches. With Sir Toby and Feste, she is a "corrupter of words"; when Olivia joins them she speaks the stilted language of the courtier; alone



with the Duke or Olivia, she speaks in highly poetical blank verse.

III. i. 119. *Music from the spheres.* References to the doctrine that the spheres in which the stars were supposed to be set joined to make an exquisite harmony as they revolved, are very common in older writers. Cf. Merchant of Venice, V. i. 60-62,

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

III. i. 123. *Abuse.* Deceive, impose upon.

III. i. 126. *To force.* For forcing.

III. i. 128-29. *Stake . . . a baited . . . unmuzzled.* The figure is from the sport of baiting with dogs a bear tied to a stake.

III. i. 130. *Receiving.* Capacity, intelligence.

III. i. 131. *Cypress.* "A light transparent material resembling cobweb lawn or crape," probably named from the island of Cyprus, from which such stuffs were brought. [N. E. D.] It was used also of a kerchief made of this material. Gollancz thinks *bosom* here means "the bosom of the dress," and interprets the passage thus: "You can see my heart; a thin gauze as it were hides it, not a stomacher." But a satisfactory sense is given if we take *bosom* in its ordinary meaning.

III. i. 134. *Grize.* Step. *Vulgar proof.* Common experience. Cf. Julius Caesar, II. i. 21-22,

'Tis a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder.

III. i. 144. *Like.* See Introduction, p. 41, 4, (b). *Proper.* Fine, handsome.

III. i. 150. I.e., in love with a woman.

III. i. 162. *Maugre.* In spite of.

III. i. 165. *For that.* Because.

III. i. 166-67. For metre, see Introduction, p. 35, 1.

III. ii. 13. *'Slight.* Cf. II. v. 37, note.

III. ii. 20. *Dormouse.* Sleepy, like the dormouse, that sleeps all winter.

III. ii. 28. *Into the north.* Out of the sunshine and warmth.

III. ii. 35. *Brownist.* The sect of Brownists was begun in 1582 by Robert Brown. They dissented from the discipline and form of government of the English church, and were forerunners of the Independents. *Politician.* Intriguer.

III. ii. 36. *Me.* See Introduction, p. 39, 2, (c).

III. ii. 46. *Curst.* Ill-tempered.

III. ii. 49. *Thou'st.* In conversation "thou" was used only between intimate friends or, as here, to one treated as an inferior. Hence, in a challenge, it was insulting.

III. ii. 53. *Bed of Ware.* "An enormous bed, capable of holding twelve persons, now to be seen at the Rye-House. It was ten feet nine inches square and seven feet and a half high, and till about [1864] was in the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware." [Clar.] For a picture of it, see Chambers's Book of Days, i. 229, or Knight's Shakespeare, at this passage.

III. ii. 58. *Cubiculo.* A "corrupted word" for "lodging."

III. ii. 72. *Youngest wren of nine.* The Folios read "mine." Nearly all modern editors read "nine," as the wren usually lays nine eggs, more or less, and the last hatched may be supposed to be the smallest. As Maria's part would be acted by a boy, references to her small stature would be likely to be apt. Cf. I. v. 229, note.

III. ii. 74. *Spleen.* The physiologists of Shakspeare's time regarded the spleen as the cause of laughter.

III. ii. 79. *Passages of grossness.* Gross tricks or impositions. Cf. "pass upon" in III. i. 48, and V. i. 362.

III. ii. 82. *Pedant.* Schoolmaster.

III. ii. 87-88. *The new map, etc.* This is now generally taken to refer to a map issued to accompany the 1599 edition of Hakluyt's Voyages, which had a fuller representation of the East Indies than any preceding. See Introduction, p. 30.

III. iii. In showing us Sebastian arrived in Orsino's town, this scene introduces the factor which is to untie the knot with which we were left at the end of III. i.

III. iii. 6. "And the cause was not altogether love to see you, though so much was that love as might have," etc.

III. iii. 8. *Jealousy*. Fear.

III. iii. 9. *Being*. For participles depending on a pronoun to be inferred from the context, cf. Abbott, § §378, 379.

III. iii. 15. The words, "*thanks. Too*" are not found in the first Folio, while the later Folios omit verses 15 and 16 altogether.

III. iii. 17. *Worth*. Wealth, what I am worth.

III. iii. 19. *Reliques*. Explained by verses 23, 24, below.

III. iii. 26. *Count his galleys*. See Introduction, p. 39, 2, (b).

III. iii. 28. *It would scarce be answered*. It would be hard for me to make a defence that would satisfy him.

III. iii. 36. *Lapsed*. Some word meaning "caught" seems to be required by the context, but *lapsed* is not found elsewhere in this sense. It is probably a corruption.

III. iii. 46. *For idle markets*. Full enough to spend on unnecessary purchases.

III. iv. In this long scene the underplot culminates in the farce of Malvolio's downfall and the encounter of Sir Andrew and Viola. This last situation is solved by the appearance of Antonio, while fresh complications are introduced in his mistaking Viola for Sebastian, and in his arrest.

III. iv. 1. *He says he'll come*. Since from line 62 it appears that the messenger had not yet returned, most editors have taken this phrase hypothetically = "Suppose he says," etc. Might one not imagine Olivia watching the success of the messenger from a distance, and speaking these words as she sees Viola consent to come back?

III. iv. 2. *Of. On*. See Introduction, p. 41, 5, (a).

III. iv. 5. *Sad*. Serious, grave. Cf. As You Like It, III. ii. 227, "Speak sad brow and true maid." *Civil*. Quiet, restrained.

III. iv. 12. *Were best*. Cf. I. v. 35, II. ii. 28.

III. iv. 25-26. *Please one*, etc. The refrain of an old ballad still extant.

III. iv. 38-39. *Nightingales answer daws*,—and so I may condescend to answer a servant.

III. iv. 61. *Midsummer madness*. The midsummer moon was supposed to be particularly potent in causing madness.

- III. iv. 64. *Back*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (d).
- III. iv. 70. *Miscarry*. Come to harm.
- III. iv. 71. *Come near*. Understand.
- III. iv. 83. *Limed*. As with bird-lime.
- III. iv. 90. *Incredulous*. Causing incredulity.
- III. iv. 128. *Bawcock*. A familiar term meaning "fine fellow," from *Fr. beau coq*, fine cock.
- III. iv. 131. "*Biddy, come with me.*" Probably a snatch of a song.
- III. iv. 132. *Cherry-pit*. A game of pitching cherry-stones into a hole.
- III. iv. 133. *Collier*. In reference to the saying, "'Like will to like,' quoth the devil to the collier."
- III. iv. 145. *Genius*. Spirit.
- III. iv. 147-48. *Take air and taint*. Be exposed and so spoiled.
- III. iv. 151. *Dark room*. The usual treatment of lunatics until comparatively recent times.
- III. iv. 159. *May morning*. A sportive season.
- III. iv. 167. *Nor . . . not*. See Introduction, p. 41, 4, (a). *Admire*. Wonder.
- III. iv. 184. *Windy*. Apparently not the "windward," but the side towards which the wind blows, so that the law can not scent you. Furness suggests a pun on *blow*, line 171, above.
- III. iv. 195. *Commerce*. Conversation, intercourse.
- III. iv. 197. *Scout me*. See Introduction, p. 39, 2, (c).
- III. iv. 198. *Bum-bailly*. A petty officer who followed close behind to make arrests.
- III. iv. 203. *Approbation*. Testimony.
- III. iv. 213. *Clodpole*. More properly, "clod-poll" = clod-pate.
- III. iv. 220. *Cockatrices*. "A serpent, identified with the Basilisk, fabulously said to kill by its mere glance, and to be hatched from a cock's egg." [N. E. D.]
- III. iv. 222. *Presently*. Immediately. *After him*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (d).
- III. iv. 227. *On 't*. This is the Folio reading. The change to "out," usually adopted, seems unnecessary.
- III. iv. 233. *Jewel*. Any precious ornament, not necessarily a stone.

III. iv. 248. *Despite*. Malice.

III. iv. 249-50. *Dismount thy tuck*. Draw thy sword.

III. iv. 250. *Yare*. Ready.

III. iv. 262. *Unhatched*. This seems to mean "unhacked," and some editors have so emended the line.

III. iv. 262-63. *Dubbed . . . on carpet consideration*. Knighted at home for money, not on the field for valor.

III. iv. 268. *Hob, nob*. Have or have not.

III. iv. 270. *Conduct*. Escort.

III. iv. 273. *Quirk*. Humour.

III. iv. 303. *Sir priest*. "Sir" was applied to priests who had taken the bachelor's degree at the university. Cf. Sir Topas in IV. ii. 2 ff., and Sir Oliver Martext in *As You Like It*.

III. iv. 306. Modern acting editions begin a new scene here.

III. iv. 307. *Firago*. Probably an intentional corruption of "virago." The fact that it is properly used of a woman need not trouble us in view of Sir Toby's habitual liberties with language.

III. iv. 309. *Stuck*. A corruption of "stoccata," a thrust.

III. iv. 310. *Answer*. The return hit.

III. iv. 313. *Sophy*. Cf. II. v. 201, note.

III. iv. 326. *Take up*. Make up. Cf. *As You Like It*, V. iv. 104, "I knew, when seven justices could not take up a quarrel."

III. iv. 329. *Is as horribly conceited*. Has as horrible a conception.

III. iv. 346. *Duello*. The duelling code.

III. iv. 357. *Undertaker*. One who undertakes business for another. Schmidt gives it the additional idea of "meddler."

III. iv. 369. *Favour*. Face. Cf. II. iv. 24.

III. iv. 385. *Having*. Property, possessions.

III. iv. 395. *Vainness*. Boastfulness. The Folios have no comma after *babbling*, and many editors omit that after *lying* also, making these two words adjectives.

III. iv. 402. *His image*. What he appeared to be.

III. iv. 403. *Venerable*. Admirable, worshipful, without the sense of age.



III. iv. 406. *Feature*. Appearance in general.

III. iv. 408. *Unkind*. Wanting in natural affection.

III. iv. 410. *Trunks o'erflourished*. Chests with ornamental carvings.

III. iv. 415. *So do not I*. This might mean (1) I do not believe as he does (that he knows me), or (2) I do not believe my own conjecture (that he takes me for Sebastian) as firmly as he does his.

III. iv. 419. *A couplet or two*, etc. This is said with reference to the rhymed maxims in Antonio's speech. Furness points out that Viola's speech is an aside.

III. iv. 422. *Yet living in my glass*. I am like a mirror reflecting his living face, I am so like him.

III. iv. 423. *Favour*. Cf. line 369, above.

III. iv. 425. *Prove*. Prove true.

III. iv. 432-33. *Religious in it*. Practising it religiously. [Var.]

III. iv. 434. *'Slid*. A corruption of "God's (eye) lid."

#### ACT IV.

In the fourth act the plot reaches its highest point of complexity. Sebastian is now taken for Viola, as in the third act Viola had been taken for Sebastian, and this complicates not only the humorous situation with Sir Andrew, but also the serious one with Olivia. At the same time it introduces an element which makes possible the ultimate solution of the difficulty caused by Olivia's passion for Cesario.

IV. i. 15. *Cockney*. An effeminate or affected person. If the clown's speech is relevant at all, it probably means, "If fine phrases like this are applied to fools' talk, the world will soon be overspread with affectation."

IV. i. 16. *Ungird thy strangeness*. Give up being so distant. Feste is using the stilted language in ridicule.

IV. i. 19. *Greek*. A merry fellow.

IV. i. 24-25. *After fourteen years' purchase*. The market price of land at the beginning of the seventeenth century was the sum of twelve years' rental. The good report bought from a fool would have to be paid for longer than its worth deserved.

IV. i. 43. *Fleshed*. Rendered eager for slaughter by the taste of blood.

IV. i. 47. *Malapert*. Saucy.

IV. i. 51. *Ungracious*. Graceless.

IV. i. 55. *Rudesby*. Ruffian.

IV. i. 57. *Extent*. Attack.

IV. i. 60. *Botched up*. Patched up, clumsily contrived.

IV. i. 63. *Heart*. Cf. I. i. 17, note.

IV. i. 66. *Lethe*. That one of the four rivers of Hades which brought forgetfulness.

IV. ii. For the source from which Shakspeare derived the main idea of this scene, see Introduction, p. 34.

IV. ii. 2. *Sir Topas*. Cf. III. iv. 303, note.

IV. ii. 10. *Said*. Called.

IV. ii. 10-11. *Good housekeeper*. A hospitable person.

IV. ii. 12. *Competitors*. Accomplices.

IV. ii. 15-16. *Hermit of Prague*. Jerome.

IV. ii. 17. *Gorbuduc*. A legendary British king. Cf. the early Elizabethan play so-called.

IV. ii. 30. *Hyperbolic*. The clown's corruption of "diabolical."

IV. ii. 44. *Clerestories*. The upper part of the wall of a church, containing a row of windows.

IV. ii. 51-52. *Egyptians in their fog*. Cf. Exodus, X. 21.

IV. ii. 57. *Constant question*. Consistent or reasonable discussion.

IV. ii. 58. *Opinion of Pythagoras*. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

IV. ii. 68. *Woodcock*. Cf. II. v. 90.

IV. ii. 72. *For all waters*. Up to anything.

IV. ii. 83 ff. "*Hey, Robin*," etc. These are fragments of an old song to be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

IV. ii. 97-98. *Five wits*. The intellectual powers, which were numbered five, like the senses.

IV. ii. 99. *Notoriously*. Exceedingly.

IV. ii. 104. *Propertied*. The exact meaning is doubtful. The usual interpretations are these: (1) Treated me as a piece of property, not as a person with a will of his own;

(2) Treated me as a stage "property," which is thrown into a dark lumber-room when not in use.

IV. ii. 107. *Advise you.* Take care. Part of what the clown says in the rest of this scene is spoken in the voice of Sir Topas.

IV. ii. 118. *Shent.* Scolded.

IV. ii. 137 ff. "*I am gone, sir.*" This is probably another old song, though not elsewhere extant.

IV. ii. 141. *Vice.* "The established buffoon in the old moralities and other imperfect dramas. He had the name sometimes of one vice, sometimes of another, but most commonly of *Iniquity*, or vice itself. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath; and one of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belaboring him with his dagger of lath, till he made him roar. The devil, however, always carried him off in the end. . . . His successors on the stage were the fools and clowns." Nares's Glossary.

IV. iii. 6. *Credit.* Belief.

IV. iii. 12. *Instance.* Example. *Discourse.* Reason.

IV. iii. 21. *Deceivable.* Deceptive.

IV. iii. 24. *Chantry.* Private chapel.

IV. iii. 29. *Whiles.* Until. *Come to note.* Become known.

## ACT V.

V. i. 1. *His.* Malvolio's. Cf. IV. ii. 123 ff.

V. i. 23. *Conclusions to be as kisses.* Conclusions following from premises brought together, as kisses follow from two pairs of lips brought together.

V. i. 24. *Your.* For this vague colloquial use of *your*, cf. Hamlet, IV. iii. 22-23, "Your worm is your only emperor for diet."

V. i. 35. *Your grace.* There is here probably a play on *grace* as a theological term and as the title of a duke.

V. i. 36. *It.* I.e., ill counsel.

V. i. 41. *Triplex.* Triple time in music.

V. i. 58. *Bawbling.* Insignificant.

V. i. 59. *Unprizable.* Of value not to be estimated, as

being either too great or too small. The context seems to require the latter meaning.

V. i. 60. *Scathful*. Destructive.

V. i. 61. *Bottom*. Vessel.

V. i. 65. *Fraught*. Freight. *Candy*. Candia or Crete.

V. i. 68. *Desperate of shame and state*. Reckless of disgrace and position.

V. i. 69. *Brabble*. Brawl.

V. i. 72. *Distraction*. Madness.

V. i. 75. *Dear*. Costly, grievous. The sense of "coming home to one intimately" is frequent in the Shakspearean use of this word.

V. i. 87. *Pure*. See Introduction, p. 41, 4, (b).

V. i. 95. *Recommended*. Intrusted.

V. i. 98. *Three months*. This is, of course, inconsistent with the estimate of the time taken by the action founded on the hint in I. iv. 3. But Shakspeare's reckoning in these matters is not mathematical, and the success of his method is shown by the fact that the statement in the present passage does not surprise us if we follow the play sympathetically.

V. i. 113. *Fat and fulsome*. Nauseating.

V. i. 118. *Have*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (b). Many editors emend to "hath."

V. i. 122. *Egyptian thief*. Thyamis of Memphis, the captain of a band of robbers, carried off Chariclea and fell in love with her. When, later, he was driven to extremity by a stronger band, he attempted to slay her. The story is told in the *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus, a translation of which was current in Shakspeare's time.

V. i. 129. *Minion*. Darling. How had the Duke come to know of Olivia's love for Viola?

V. i. 130. *Tender*. Regard.

V. i. 137. *To do you rest*. To give you ease. [Clar.]

V. i. 143. *Detested*. This word probably bears here the not uncommon early sense of "repudiated."

V. i. 151. *Strangle thy propriety*. Deny thy identity.

V. i. 160. *Contract*. This passage, like the speech of Olivia in IV. iii. 22 ff, refers to the ceremony of betrothal, not of marriage.

V. i. 164. *Ceremony*. See Introduction, p. 36, 2. Some

critics suppose that Shakspeare frequently regarded the second "e" of this word as silent. *Compact*. See Introduction, p. 37, 6.

V. i. 165. *Function*. Official capacity.

V. i. 169. *Case*. Skin. Cf. the pun in *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 843-44, "Though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it."

V. i. 175. *Little*. A little, some.

V. i. 186. *Incardinate*. Sir Andrew's attempt at "incarnate."

V. i. 188. *'Od's lifelings*. A corruption and diminution of the oath "God's life."

V. i. 193. *Bespake*. Addressed. Cf. the modern sense.

V. i. 199. *Othergates*. In another fashion.

V. i. 206. *Set*. Fixed.

V. i. 207-8. *A passy measures pavin*. The first Folio reads "panin." Most editors emend to "pavin," and take Toby's drunken utterance to refer to a kind of dignified dance, implying that the surgeon is "a grave, solemn coxcomb" [Malone], or that he is slow in coming [Clar.] R. G. White thinks it a misprint for "panim," and reads "a passing measure (that is, egregious) paynim." But Sir Toby was drunk.

V. i. 213. *An ass-head*, etc. These reproaches seem to be aimed at Sir Andrew.

V. i. 219. *Strange regard*. Distant look. For metre, see Introduction, p. 37, 4.

V. i. 224. *Natural perspective*. For metre, see Introduction, p. 36, 2. *Perspective* was a general term used for any optical device. Here it may mean no more than "mirror."

V. i. 234-35. *That deity . . . of here and everywhere*. The divine property of omnipresence.

V. i. 241. *Suited*. Dressed.

V. i. 244. *Dimension*. Bodily shape. Cf. I. v. 292. *Grossly*. Materially.

V. i. 245. *Participate*. Possess like other men.

V. i. 253. *Record*. For accent, see Introduction, p. 37, 6.

V. i. 256. *Lets*. Hinders.

V. i. 259. *Do*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (b). *Jump*. Agree.



V. i. 262. *Weeds*. Garments. For metre, see Introduction, p. 37, 5.

V. i. 266. *Mistook*. See Introduction, p. 40, 3, (c).

V. i. 267. *Nature to her bias drew*. In bowling, the bowls "draw to their bias" when they curve in on the side on which they are weighted or "biassed." In falling in love with Sebastian's likeness in Viola, Olivia was following her natural affinity for Sebastian.

V. i. 272. *Glass*. The "perspective" of line 224, above.

V. i. 278. *That orb'd continent*, etc. Shakspeare always uses *continent* in the literal sense of "that which contains." Here, then, it seems to mean the firmament which contains the orbs, and among them the fire (the sun) that severs day and night. Viola promises to keep her oaths as truly as the firmament keeps the sun in its path.

V. i. 282. *Upon*. On account of.

V. i. 285. *Enlarge*. Set at liberty.

V. i. 288. *Extracting*. Drawing all other thoughts out of my mind.

V. i. 295. *Epistles are no gospels*. The reference is, of course, to the portions of Scripture appointed to be read in church. *Skills*. Matters.

V. i. 301. *How now*. The clown seems to have begun to read in some extravagant manner.

V. i. 304. *Vox*. Voice; presumably the appropriate voice for such an epistle.

V. i. 307. *Perpend*. Weigh, consider. Shakspeare uses it always as humorous bombast.

V. i. 326. *These things*, etc. A nominative absolute. If, after you have thought further on these things, it please you to think me as desirable for a sister as for a wife.

V. i. 328. *On't*. The grammar of this is loose, but the sense of "the alliance on't" is clearly "the alliance that makes us brother and sister," i.e., the double marriage.

V. i. 329. *Proper*. Own.

V. i. 331. *Quits*. Sets you free.

V. i. 342. *From it*. Differently.

V. i. 345. *Modesty of honour*. The sense of propriety that belongs to honorable persons.

V. i. 349. *Lighter*. Less important.

V. i. 353. *Geck*. Dupe.

V. i. 360. *Such . . . which*. See Introduction, p. 39, 2, (d).

V. i. 362. *Practice*. Plot. *Shrewdly*. Wickedly. *Passed*. Cf. III. i. 48, note.

V. i. 366. *Brawl to come*. Future brawl; not an infinitive after "let."

V. i. 371-72. *Upon some stubborn . . . him*. In consequence of some stubborn and discourteous qualities which we charged against him.

V. i. 373. *Importance*. Importunity.

V. i. 393. *Convents*. Summons.

V. i. 395. For metre, see Introduction, p. 36, 3.

V. i. 400 ff. This song is regarded by most editors as not by Shakspeare, and its introduction here may be due merely to the actor. But in the mouth of Feste it does not seem out of place or without charm.

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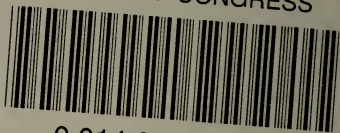
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